The Relief Society Magazine

39 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1952

Autumn Drive

Christie Lund Coles

The road before us glistened in the sun,
Smooth and bright as polished leather,
While it seemed the wild geese heralding our way
Said we were glad to be together;

We saw the withered cornstalks on the ground,
We saw the rounded stacks of smooth, sheared hay;
The tumbleweeds blown far against a hill
Were purple as the tamarisk in May;

We saw the sun spill through the empty trees,
Where summer's nests pathetically were seen;
We saw the first bright shoots of winter wheat
That in this dying time were living green;

We saw a fallow dry farm, delicate,
Soft-colored as a piece of brocatelle,
A setting for the farmhouse with its barn,
Its lean-to, rusty pump, and cool, rock well;

We saw the broken milkweed pods, their treasure
Flying about like wisps of silk frieze.
We smiled upon it all, and on each other,
Caught in the blue-gold circle of the day

The Cover: Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, California
Photograph by Jeff Thomson
Frontispiece: Autumn Valley, Near San Juan, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

From Near and Far

I read the *Magazine* from cover to cover and wouldn't miss a single issue. Every article has something for me and is a big help in rearing my small family.

—Mrs. Arlene P. Helmsley
Salzburg, Austria

I am writing a few lines to tell you how much *The Relief Society Magazine* is appreciated in our home. I have a daughter about twelve years old who has been reading the stories from the *Magazine* for about four years. She has access to a variety of other reading material, but in most instances she prefers a good story from the *Magazine*. I am very thankful that she is learning to love good reading and that we have a *Magazine* containing the type of literature that will be uplifting to girls of any age. I am enclosing a little motto that I wrote several years ago:

Relief Society is the place for me,
An intelligent wife and mother I'll be;
Talents long hidden in a little dark room
Will soon be awakened and burst into bloom.

—Mrs. Julia Shepherd
Ovid, Idaho

I was born and reared in Utah, but am making my home in Sweden now. We don't have the advantages of Relief Society as I remember it from my younger years, but each week we have a Book of Mormon class. At present I have twin nephews here on a mission—the Eckman twins from Salt Lake City. My sister, Mrs. J. Wallin, Tooele, Utah, sent me a gift subscription to the *Magazine*. She is visiting here with me and together we enjoy the *Magazine*. It is my closest contact with the Church.

—Mrs. Tece Dahlen
Alvsby, Sweden

I take *The Relief Society Magazine* and enjoy it very much. My husband and I are converts to this wonderful Church. We hope to come to Utah some day. We are natives of California.

—Leona Mendonca
Napa, California

We would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much we enjoy the *Magazine*. Its excellent literature is always of a beautiful nature and on a high plane, and the *Magazine* as a whole inspires us with stronger testimonies and greater desires to serve God and to be good representatives of his Church and our women.

—Charlene Madsen
Mission Stenographer
Canadian Mission,
Toronto, Ontario

The Relief Society Magazine has been in our home for many years, and we have enjoyed the many editorials, articles, stories, poems, and lessons. My daughter has read the *Magazine* from the time she first learned to read. When she finished high school she wasn't sure just what course she should take at the University, when she read an article by our dear Apostle Widtsoe, advising girls to go into home economics. Right then and there her mind was made up to take a home economics course, which she did, and has now been teaching for six years.

—Nellie Bentson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

When I receive *The Relief Society Magazine* it is like a cool drink of water from the spring in the oasis in the desert, after traveling all day. I am with my husband laboring in the Swiss-Austrian Mission. The Relief Society president from my ward in Long Beach, California, sent the *Magazine* to me and I want you to know how much I appreciate it as I have been president of the Frauenhilfsvereine (Relief Society Association) here in St. Gallen, Switzerland, for over a year. I find the same sisterly love existing here in the mission as in America, and I do appreciate this opportunity.

—Lily N. Hortnagel
St. Gallen, Switzerland

When my *Magazine* comes, I read all the poetry first, for I love to express my thoughts in that way.

—Viola D. Miller
Afton, Wyoming

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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"Evils and Designs . . . of Conspiring Men in the Last Days"

LeRoy A. Wirthlin, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Member, General Church Welfare Committee

"WHAT cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?" Thus goes the radio or television voice in a question which implies acquiescence, if not approval, of the medical profession to the use of cigarettes and tobacco, since the doctor himself is a smoker. If the doctor smokes, the intended inference is that it is all right for everyone to smoke. Reference to the medical profession to popularize the use of tobacco, to disclaim the irritating effects of one brand of cigarettes over another, or for some other advertising purpose is all too well known.

As a class, doctors probably smoke neither more nor less than other classes of men or women, but they, having the technical knowledge of the injurious effects of tobacco, have been singled out for the special attention of the tobacco companies. Apparently, in the past the purpose was to curry favor with the doctors, for representatives of tobacco companies sent doctors gifts of generous quantities of cigarettes. In New York City such gifts were usually followed by a list of questions so offered that answering would appear to place the doctor in the position of favoring some current promotional medical claim. Detail men were sent to doctors' offices and even hospitals to create friendly relations. In some instances this, too, was for the purpose of seeking the appearance of medical support for some statement to be used for advertising purposes. Such statements of medical men were in the nature of paid testimonials, and, to the knowledge of the writer, some were given in a light and jocular frame of mind. This kind of testimony cannot be compared to the usual sober and conscientious attitude of the true medical researcher, nor is it consistent with the spirit and experience of the medical profession as a whole.

One wonders, too, if the tobacco companies, in their generous attention to the doctors, are not well aware of the potential opposition were the true facts of the poisonous effects of tobacco made known in a widespread and concerted effort by the medical profession. The history of preventive medicine and public health reveals the wholesome attitude of medical men toward the public good. The rise of the pure food and drug laws, in the interest and participation of organized medicine in creating standards and preventing the sale of adulterated and harmful substances, further reinforces the role of public benefactor traditionally characteristic of the doctor of medicine. Why the publicity campaigns of the tobacco tycoons who sell a noxious and toxic weed to young and old, male and female, have been permitted to carry on so long, is hard to understand.

As in the past with adulterated foods and drugs, is there a faint suggestion of light rising on the horizon? The following question appeared in a recent medical publication: "Should the false claims in the advertising of tobacco come under the pure food and drug laws?"

IN the prodigious expenditure of radio and television time, the purchase of newspaper, magazine, and billboard space, and their never-ending reference to the medical profession by the tobacco advertisers, is there any real basis for their medical claims? Are doctors, as serious professionals, in favor of smoking in the health sense, or do they recommend the use of tobacco for any human need? Nothing could be farther from the truth! On the contrary, the experience of the profession in the study and treatment of the physical and mental disorders of man has been completely in harmony with the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants that, "tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man."

It is common knowledge among doctors that smoking is injurious in many types of heart and blood vessel disease, digestive disorders, inflammatory conditions of the mouth, throat, larynx, and lungs, and that any and all tobacco smoke of whatever brand is irritating to every membrane with which it comes in contact; and if used long enough may initiate cancer anywhere from the lips to the lungs. The overwhelming recorded evidence is available in medical writings for all to read who will. Scientific articles by the hundreds treating technical phases of the injurious effects of tobacco and nicotine in a multitude of human dysfunctions and malignancies (cancers) fill the compiled volumes of medical literature.

In curiosity the writer consulted the *Current List of Medical Literature* for the past year and a half to see what had been recently added. In the year 1951 alone, there were forty-five scientific reports and papers listed under tobacco and fifteen under nicotine. Up to June of 1952 there were seventeen under tobacco and fifteen under nicotine. Care was taken not to include any report or paper suggesting the use of tobacco or nicotine as an insecticide or for any agricultural purpose. The papers counted were essentially all reports on the technical ill affects of tobacco on the physiology of some body process or tissue in human beings—ninety-two scientific papers written within a period of seventeen months all condemning tobacco. *The Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus*, an index covering medical writing from all over the world, lists an average of twenty-eight reports on tobacco and nicotine per year for the four years prior to 1951. As typical of hundreds of others, the following titles are suggestive:

"Tobacco Smoking Habits and Cancer of the Mouth and Respiratory System," *Cancer Research*, 10:539-542, September, 1952.

"Smokers Larynx," *Annals Otol*, Rhino and Larynx, 59:541-546, June, 1950.

"Lung Cancer in Iceland" (role of cigarette smoking), *Lancet*, 2:245-247, August 12, 1952.

"Some Medical Effects of Tobacco Smoking," *British Medical Journal*, 1:4760-29, March, 1952.

"Carbon Monoxide Absorption in Smoking," *Gesundheit und Wohlfahrt*, Zurich, 31:2, February, 1951, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

As characteristic of earlier reports, the following is offered by Dr. Robert Abbe in the *New York Medical Journal*, 102:1-2, 1915, "Cancer of the Mouth, The Case Against Tobacco." In the conclusion he writes:

> The occasional medical protests against the injurious use of tobacco are always met by an outbreak in the public press—inspired perhaps, by commercial interests—quoting octogenarians who owe their long lives to having always smoked. Thus the public is beguiled while no note is sounded about the thousands who are perishing from its extended use.

IF the index of titles on irritating tars and other injurious substances in tobacco were separately investigated, additional papers on its toxic effects would, no doubt, be uncovered. The entire medical literature would produce a bibliography so large, if thoroughly investigated for scientific reports on all the ill effects of tobacco, that a single number of *The Relief Society Magazine* would hardly be enough to list them. Obviously, therefore, one cannot do justice to the recorded medical evidence against tobacco in this brief article, though a short excerpt from the *Cancer Bulletin of Texas*, July-August 1950, indicates the spirit of the entire case against the noxious weed:

TABAC

> The tobacco shops of Paris are distinguished at night by diamond-shaped red lamps which brightly illuminate the narrow streets. These red lamps have a new and grim appropriateness for if we accept the conclusion of several different groups of investigators, tobacco might well be found to contain dangerous carcinogenic (cancer forming) agents.
>
> "Doctors E. L. Wynder and E. A. Graham have observed that lung cancer in many American hospitals is the most frequent visceral cancer of males. This same observation has been made in several hospitals in England and Germany. Of 650 patients with epidermoid and undifferentiated carcinoma (cancer) of the lung studied at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, there were ten nonsmokers. Over ninety per cent of patients with these types of lung cancer smoked cigarettes; this value is far greater than the percentage of cigarette smokers in the general hospital population . . . .
>
> "DURING 1949-50, at Barnes Hospital, for every woman with lung cancer, eighteen men died of the disease. Similar ratios have been observed elsewhere, and have been interpreted by some authors to suggest that cigarettes would not cause cancer, because women also smoke. Wynder and Graham, however, point out that ninety-five per cent of their lung cancer patients have smoked for twenty years or more and eighty-five per cent have smoked for at least thirty years. Relatively few American women have smoked that long. (It has been predicted by Dr. Graham that within the next twenty-five years cancer of the lung will be a common disease among women.) . . .
>
> "These findings have been confirmed, more or less, by Dr. R. Shrek in Chicago and Dr. M. Levine in New York. In Dr. Shrek's series of eighty-six veterans with

lung cancer, sixty-nine per cent were moderate to heavy smokers. Levine, in a study of records of several thousand patients, likewise found a positive correlation between the use of cigarettes and lung cancer. . . .

"An interesting facet of the subject is that several persons who have scrutinized the material carefully have quit smoking."

What is to be done in the face of the barrage of false and pernicious cigarette propaganda brought to the very heart of the home by radio and television, done in the philosophy of the "big lie," used with such telling, though temporary, effect by Hitler and Mussolini, now being tried by Joseph Stalin—the theory that the "lie," being big enough and told often enough, people will believe it? Sad to say, many do. The poet Pope understood when he wrote:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Judging from the report of the Utah State Tax Commission issued July 15th for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1952, the "big lie" is effective in Utah. In the year 1951 the per capita use of cigarettes was seventy packs—fourteen hundred cigarettes for every person in the State. The total year's expenditure for cigarettes alone was $9,913,357. With the Latter-day Saint population comprising about sixty per cent of the people of Utah, this evidence is mute testimony of the success of tobacco advertising both among non-members and members in the State of Utah.

"IN consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation" (D. & C. 89:4).

What is to be done? The teaching of the Word of Wisdom in the auxiliary organizations, and the No Liquor-Tobacco Program are much needed services, directed as they are to the youth and to the adults. The golden opportunity for reaching the soul with the revelation of the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, is in the home, when children are small—when, in the trusting innocence and natural confidence of a young child in its mother, it first hears the story of the Lord, of Jesus, and the First Vision. From that time when the deepest impressions of life are made should the teaching begin. How? As a revelation, as coming from the Lord himself—as the word of the Lord. We hear many secondary reasons, health arguments, scientific disclosures, word of experts, etc., etc., why the law should be observed, but not enough of the Lord's place in the great revelation. No effect will be so deep nor long lasting as teaching faithfulness to this truth, as the word and will of the Lord, as pleasing to the Lord. Small children are susceptible, especially in their tender years, to the loving and spiritual influence of a faithful mother. It is natural for them and meets all the psychological and Biblical principles of rearing the young. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The best opportunity belongs to the parents, particularly to the mother with small children (with the radio and television turned off). A child thus deeply impressed, if kept active in the Church, will be best safeguarded against the incessant clamor of the tobacco advertiser. "No one can gainsay the word of the Lord," is the reaction we should try to create in our children when they hear the bombast of the radio or see the sweet and pretty girl chosen for the purpose of declaring some virtue of a particular brand of cigarette.

A four-year-old tot living in the neighborhood was aghast with surprise and disappointment when she first saw the mother of a friend smoke a cigarette. She declared, "Jesus will not love you any more!" The tot may not have had the right words, but her childish innocence was offended by the unnatural and worldly practice. She did have the right principle, for Paul said:

> Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are (1 Cor. 3:16-17).

This mother was amused at first, but must have done some thinking, for, later, she gave up smoking.

The appeal in the teaching of the principle in the home, of necessity, must go largely to the young mother, for with the husband away working and the children left in her hands, she is in the key position with a choice and blessed opportunity. May the Lord be with her.

Our greatest protection against the "evils and designs of conspiring men in the last days" is to teach the Word of Wisdom early and sincerely in the home—to teach it as the word and the will of the Lord, to show by example and by his spirit the true course—and neither the "Big Lie" nor the Father of Lies will so easily succeed.

* * * *

Lost Season

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

That year the frost was victor over gardens.
In their old feud he conquered every bout.
Frost was a sleek white panther every morning
And left dark tracks when he was driven out.

I'd never thought to see the lilacs frozen,
A summer without lilacs could not be.
My heart could not believe, the buds unopened,
No fluted flasks of perfume on the tree.

Incredible that there should be a summer
Rose-trimmed and scented tripping down the year
To meet the sorrel-mounted, red-caped autumn
While I still wait for lilacs to appear!

Uncertain Heart

Sequel to "Star Dust" (*Relief Society Magazine*, November 1951)

Leone McCune

ON a Saturday morning in October, Kay Farnsworth stood before her mirror in her bright, chintz-hung bedroom. She examined herself appraisingly for a moment — deep, cream - colored skin, brown eyes, with reddish flecks in them. Eyes that looked back at her with a half-pleased, slightly mysterious expression, as if they held some lovely secret. She drew a stiff brush through her short auburn curls and hummed a little tune.

Don loves me, she thought dreamily. And I think I'm falling in love with him.

Then she stopped abruptly at the sound of the postman's whistle in the street. She laid the hairbrush down on the dresser and ran lightly down the stairs and out through the front door.

There might be a letter from Don, although it was really too soon to expect one. He had been gone only three days. Gone to Bryce Canyon with his geology class.

A little tremor of excitement ran through her as she stood waiting for the postman to hand her the mail.

"Lookin' for somethin' special today, huh?" he grinned as he slowly, deliberately, sorted it out.

"Special, special," she smiled back and took the magazines and letters inside. She riffled through them quickly. There was no letter from Don.

The flutter of excitement changed now to a dull, slow thudding in her breast, as she stared unbelievingly at the signature in the corner of one envelope.

The envelope read: Barry Westcott, 348 Rayburn and 10th, San Francisco, California.

Why would Barry be writing to her now? She hadn't heard from him in nine months. Not once, since she'd been in San Francisco. There she had refused to marry him away from home, and without the consent and blessing of her parents.

She placed the family's mail on the hall table and walked slowly up the stairs to her own room, closing the door softly behind her. Still slowly, she moved toward the window, tearing the envelope as she went. She read the letter through quickly, then sank weakly into a chair.

Barry was coming home just to see her and talk with her. He loved her dearly and wanted her to marry him in the temple as she wished. Everything would be as she wanted it. She would see that he had changed. He would be home tomorrow around six o'clock.

Kay could see him as though it were yesterday—his blonde handsomeness, his never-failing charm. She thought he'd forgotten her completely and now he had written as though their relationship had never been broken. She had wanted to put him forever from her mind. But even while she dated with other boys, she constantly

drew comparisons. His special way of expressing himself concerning some matter over which he was enthusiastic. His mannerisms. The indolent slouch of some young man would unfailingly bring back the image of Barry—his easy grace, his perfect poise.

But not Don. She had never compared him with Barry to Don's discredit. Don was pretty special in his own right. Not what you'd call handsome, but good-looking and very nice. He was serious about his work, but fun to be with. He was three years older than Kay. He'd been on a mission and was in his fourth year of college.

In the early summer when he had returned home, he had begun dating her frequently. She couldn't help being flattered.

Don knew exactly what he wanted in life. He planned to graduate, then continue his studies in geology down in California. He was a fine person, the kind her parents approved of, the kind any girl would be proud to marry. Kay relived an experience of two weeks before.

VERNON College was having its annual trip up the mountain where they lighted the great torches forming the V. Kay and Don had gone together. While the students were all singing and eating around the fire, it suddenly started to rain. Being aware of what might follow, they all started at once down the trail. At one point it rained so hard that Kay and Don stopped under a jutting rock for shelter. They looked at each other, laughing and breathless. He had already given her his jacket to put on over her own, but he reached out and drew it more closely around her neck. At that moment there was a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder, terrifyingly close. And then she was in Don's arms. He bent his head and kissed her. A second later, his arms dropped quickly to his sides and he reached for her hand.

"We'll have to get out in the open, it's too dangerous here by the rocks. Who'd guess it would give us fireworks this time of the year?"

Laughter and shouting rose above the rain as the students hurried as fast as they could go along the trail.

As suddenly as it began the deluge ended, reducing itself to a mere drizzle.

Kay, breathless and tired, begged to rest a few minutes. They waited in a little clearing and looked down over the slopes, where the city lay glimmering in the misty dusk.

Don drew Kay's arm through his and pulled her closer to his side.

"I love you, Kay. I didn't want to tell you just yet, because I wanted to be more sure of you. But it won't wait."

He turned toward her, searching her face.

"Can't you tell me you're glad?"

Kay stared back at him. Her lips moved, but she seemed unable to form any words.

"Someone told me about Barry. You aren't still in love with him, are you?"

"No," Kay said quickly, emphatically. "That ended a long time ago."

"Then think about us, will you? Think about it a lot. We'd better be on our way now."

Kay still said nothing, only clung a little tighter to his hand.

They reached the foot of the mountain where his car was parked and he helped her in. He took his own jacket from her and placed a robe around her shoulders. "I'll have you home in a jiffy," he said, and drove as quickly as possible through the sloppy, water-run streets.

They were soon at Kay's house. "Take good care of yourself, so you won't catch cold," he cautioned. At the door he leaned toward her. "I'm going to remember that you kissed me back." And then he was running down the walk, toward his car.

* * * * *

SITTING now in her blue and pink chintz chair, she fingered Barry's letter in her lap. Then picked it up and read it through again, slowly this time, then laid it away in the back of her dresser drawer.

She didn't want to see Barry, she told herself. She refused to think of him consciously. But after all this time, why did he have the power to upset her so? For the rest of the day she could think of nothing else. The next morning in Sunday School she scarcely heard anything that was said.

On Sunday afternoon her parents were called away. She was glad they wouldn't be at home when Barry called. He had said in his letter, he would be at her home around six o'clock.

She hurried home from church expecting to find Barry sitting on the front porch, but there was no word, and the telephone didn't ring. She walked to the front window and stared unseeing into the early twilight. The clock struck seven. She almost held her breath. When the phone rang a minute later she jumped and her heart began a suffocating thudding in her breast. Let it ring. I won't answer it. Let it ring. But after the fourth ring she held the receiver in her hand and found enough strength to say, "Hello."

Barry's voice came low, sweet as a caress over the wire. "Darling, I love you. Forgive me for hurting you." She didn't answer. "Kay, are you there?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I'll see you in about an hour. I just got here."

"It's no use, Barry." Her voice was low and strained. "We just don't see things the same way."

"But you're wrong. I told you I'd changed."

"No, Barry, no. Why make it so difficult for ourselves?"

"I'll see you in half an hour," he said firmly and put the receiver down.

She might as well face it. She'd have to see him and get things settled once and for all.

Resolutely she reminded herself of their bitter parting. He had wanted her to marry him in San Francisco or not at all. And she had refused unless they could be married in the temple at home.

She was ready to leave when he rang the door bell.

"Darling, how are you?" he

smiled. "But I don't need to ask. You're gorgeous as ever."

He guided her along the path and helped her into the car. Before starting it, he turned to take her in his arms.

"No, Barry, please." Kay drew back. His arms dropped and he looked at her earnestly.

"I'm begging your forgiveness. Tell me you'll forget what happened in San Francisco."

"All right, Barry, we'll forget the whole thing."

"That's my girl. Now what would you like to do? Shall we go somewhere and have dinner?"

"I'm not in the mood, Barry."

"We'll take the Circle Drive and stop on Campus Hill then. Nice view of the town from there."

HE tried making light conversation, asking about mutual friends and how she was making out in college. Kay was quiet and unresponsive. In a little while they reached the hill, and when they stopped, Barry tried again to take her in his arms.

"All right, Kay, go on punishing me," he said a little bitterly. And then tenderly, "But I love you and you love me. It's just as simple as that. I've only two weeks leave and then I have to be back. We could be married this week or the first of next. Now doesn't that make you happy?"

"I don't know, Barry, I really don't know. Why did you wait all this time before getting in touch with me?"

"But, angel, I can explain that. I did try. I tried hard to forget you, but it wouldn't work and that's why I'm back."

"You didn't imagine I'd be sitting at home all this time, waiting to hear from you? Everything between us ended last March. I didn't think you'd ever try to get in touch with me again."

"I've told you I tried to forget, but it wouldn't work. I'm still in love with you, and you love me, even if you are temporarily interested in someone else. There is someone then?"

Kay said, "Everything was over between us, anyway."

"It never was for me, and it wasn't for you. We belong together, Sirius, don't you know that?"

"I think perhaps we're miles apart."

"It isn't so. I'll do anything you want me to do, anything."

"I wouldn't want you to marry me in the temple to please me, but because you wanted to of your own accord. It wouldn't be any good unless it was what you wanted to do yourself, with all your heart."

"I told you I'd changed and I mean it. We'll be married as you wish, and you know all the requirements. I'm ready to meet them all. Now, angel, name the day and we'll start making preparations."

"Barry, we can't do that. People change. We've got to be sure this time. I won't be rushed into it."

"I won't rush you," and he reached out and drew her to him roughly, pressing his lips hard on hers.

"You belong to me because I want you so much."

Kay disengaged herself from his arms.

"Take me home now, Barry, please."

"But the evening's just begun," he protested.

He couldn't persuade her to change her mind, so he took her home.

HE called the next morning before she left the house, and after that she saw him every night. He turned up at college unexpectedly, took her to lunch, and went with her to some of her classes.

Not once during the week did he mention wedding plans, just tried in every way to win her all over again.

On Thursday, Don returned and called to ask her to go with him to the dance on Friday night. She had to tell him she had other plans.

"That's all right, honey. I'll see you there. Save a dance for me."

When Don arrived he had Sandra Lee with him, who watched him with adoring blue eyes.

When he came upon Kay dancing with Barry, she saw the color mount in his face, the hurt, startled look in his eyes. The next moment he was smiling his sweet warm smile, his eyes a little more brilliant than usual.

Later, when she danced with him, he made no reference to his feelings for her, only talked about his trip and took her back to Barry.

On Sunday, Barry went with her to Sunday School and sacrament meeting, took her to his home for dinner. His family welcomed her cordially. They were happy and pleased to have Barry home, if only for a visit.

After that all the magic of former days with him returned. She was sure now that he had really changed. In every way he proved himself to be exactly what she expected of her future husband.

There were just two things that bothered her now. She had not indicated to her parents that Barry had asked her to marry him. She wanted to have it decided in her own mind first. From the time he arrived she had sensed their disappointment, though they tried hard not to show it. But she hoped when her father and mother learned that they would marry in the temple, they'd accept it and be happy, too. Then there was Don. She dreaded to hurt him. She would have to tell him at the earliest opportunity.

She saw him in the corridor that same afternoon. He took her arm in his warm, friendly way. "How about a date to the game tomorrow night?" Kay shook her head. "How about tonight?"

"Let's walk out onto the campus. I want to tell you something."

He held the door for her, and they went out under the yellow maples into the bright October afternoon. They were silent as they walked across the leaf-strewn grass.

"You look serious," Don said, watching her sober face.

They went a little farther and Kay stopped, turning toward him. Facing him now she found it difficult to begin. The words seemed to stick in her throat. Then she told him quickly, bluntly, that she was going to marry Barry.

SHE saw the light die in his face. She heard the sharp intake of his breath, and its release on a deep sigh. His gray eyes regarded her

long, searchingly, as if he couldn't take them away.

At last his voice came low and husky, "I hope you'll be very happy. That's all I want, that you'll be happy." He waited a little awkwardly for a moment, attempting a feeble smile. He made a small gesture toward the building. "My education must go on. Math is calling me." He started back. After a few steps he turned and looked at her. "I'll be seeing you around, Kay. If you ever need me, I'll come running." He went swiftly then, his dark head bent forward.

For some reason, unaccountable to herself, she wanted to hold out her arms to him and call him back.

On Tuesday, Vernon College played State, and Kay and Barry and the crowd took in the game at the stadium. They were all in a jubilant mood, for Vernon came out victorious, and the students were ready to celebrate. They went to the "Calico Cat." They sat at the tables pounding their glasses with their spoons as an accompaniment to the school song. Someone turned on the juke box, and Barry pulled Kay to her feet, just as Jake Owen danced by with his girl. She saw him wink at Barry.

"Let's go over to the Blue Moon, eh, Barry?"

But when he asked Kay, she refused to go.

"Why not, angel?"

"Because it's just a cheap place. We're having fun, let's stay here."

"You heard what the lady said, big boy," Barry told Jake, and they glided away.

Later, when they were leaving to go home, she heard Jake talking with Barry again. They were laughing, and Jake gave him a slap on the back as he left.

There was no doubt left in her mind now that Barry had changed. And yet she had to repeat this to herself, over and over. She went to sleep with her promise that the next night they would tell her parents of their plans.

By ten o'clock the next morning, however, she learned that Barry had gone back to the Blue Moon with Jake and his former crowd.

KAY felt sick as she hung up the receiver, and walked unevenly toward her bed and sank into it, pulling the covers around her, while she trembled as from the cold.

Barry hadn't changed. He was just as irresponsible as ever. He could be such a fine person, if he'd only take some things more seriously. His promises weren't important to him at all. She knew now that the person she loved was not Barry, but the person she had thought him t be.

She felt no hurt, only a great sadness. Sadness that Barry could be so deceitful, that he had so little honesty, and sorrow for the girl he would some day marry. But most of all she felt sorry that she could have been so easily deceived, and that she had let his physical charm overshadow her judgment. What a terrible mistake she had almost made.

And she thought of Don, whose honest gray eyes had regarded her earlier that night with, now that she thought of it, a grave concern. Would he want her back? The tears dried now on her cheeks. He wouldn't be Don if he didn't!

A Perry Picture — From a Painting by Brozik

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

Our Land

Ida Isaacson

For centuries soft-moccasined red men roamed through our land, gazing up at the mountains, that raised their lonesome spires to God, and all the while restless waters lapped against the shore, breathing a quite undertone, that whispered.

Columbus came, glorious and brave, to find America.

Coumbus, long since your ashes have wasted away like gossamer against a fickle wind. Time alone has ripened your valor and your fame; but the tracking of your journey will lead deep into the hearts of Americans.

Plymouth Rock, your Pilgrims wove indelible dyes in us, your children, dyes that sun and wind and desire cannot change. Lamps of learning, proud and bright, light our land.

Factories stand now where sagebrush wasted in the sun.

Clear streams of cool water run through the veins of America, feeding her thousands.

Church bells peal and God is very near, and life is good and sweet, and we shall carry on.

For we love our land, America.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

SOUL MESSAGE: Words are the lights which the generations carry, these kindle lamps along the track of life, some of them give a glorious lustre, clear as the most brilliant star, while others are dim flickering and uncertain . . . . The Hebrew prophet proclaimed the message which God had given him. . . . Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away. —L. M. Hewlings

MISS MAUD MAY BABCOCK . . . who has recently come to teach in this city and has been engaged by the Faculty of the Utah University is certainly a very pleasing and attractive person as well as an accomplished elocutionist and teacher of Delsarte. Mrs. Susa Y. Gates met Miss Babcock last summer at Harvard, and was instrumental in securing her services for Utah. —Editorial

THE FLORAL EMBLEM FOR UTAH will be balloted for at the coming Territorial Fair in October. The Board of Lady Managers have selected the following flowers as candidates, Sego Lily, Yellow Primrose, Indian Paint Brush, Wild Rose, and Marguerite . . . notice of this should be immediately and widely spread, and all ladies should cast a ballot for our emblem, in order to show their interest in Utah and her exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition. —May Preston, Secretary

THE EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP

The saddest eyes are those that cannot weep;
The loneliest breast the one that sobbeth not;
The lips and mind that are most parched and hot
Are those that cannot pray and cannot sleep.

. . . .

Pity, O God, the eyes that cannot weep.

—*The Woman's Recorder*

THE RELIEF SOCIETY IN THE MEXICAN MISSION: The fifth quarterly conference of this Mission was held in Colonia Juarez, August 29, 1892, President Mary Eyring presiding. . . . After expressing the happiness she enjoyed in her labors and the steady progress being made by the Society; exhorted the sisters to be faithful and true to the trust reposed in them, in fulfilling all the obligations of true womanhood . . . . Counselors Cynthia Stowell and Ellen Lunt addressed the Conference in an excellent spirit . . . . The subjects treated upon were, the valued labors of the officers and members of the Relief Society; the gathering together of earnest women interested in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth, and acting as ministering angels by precept and example, encouraging the virtues of modesty, purity and chastity, visiting the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and keeping themselves pure and unspotted from the world . . . . . —M. E. Teasdale, Sec.

TEMPERAMENT: To most women the home is the one place where they desire to be appreciated and understood, and how very often they spoil everything by that nervousness that is so common in women of high-strung temperament . . . . The prolongation of human life with all one's faculties sound and good is one of the objects that this people have sought to achieve: but the fact is we all want the blessing without the effort. —Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MANY contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* received special recognition at the annual Roundup of the League of Utah Writers in August. Two stories published in the *Magazine* received high honors: Blanche Kendall McKey won second place in the published story division for "No Tears, Beloved" (February 1952), and Maryhale Woolsey won honorable mention for "The Long Day" (April 1952). Ouida Johns Pedersen won first honorable mention for her poem "The Last Snow" (March 1952).

IN the Republican presidential nominating convention Clare Boothe Luce made a speech in favor of nominating Margaret Chase (Mrs. Clyde H.) Smith, our only woman United States senator, for vice-president of our country. Reasons arose within the party for a change of mind, and the nomination was not made. The Democrats in their convention nominated both Judge Sarah T. Hughes, president of the National Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and India (Mrs. Herbert T.) Edwards, vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and chairman of the women's division of the national committee, for the office of vice-president. Both names were later withdrawn.

LUCY SMITH (Mrs. Thomas B.) CARDON, oldest resident of Logan, Utah, died August 20th at the age of one hundred years. Intelligent, beautiful, and charming, she was the mother of eleven outstanding sons and daughters. She was president of the Cache Stake Relief Society for twenty-three years, and a member of the general board of Relief Society from 1892 to 1902.

MRS. IVY BAKER PRIEST, a Latter-day Saint from Bountiful, Utah, is assistant chairman of the National Republican Committee in charge of the women's division. She has a busy schedule in Washington, D. C., and is speaking in many states.

MRS. ADA DYER RUSSELL, eighty-nine, retired character actress and a native of Salt Lake City, who played many famous roles in the old Salt Lake Theater, died in July 1952. She appeared in the farewell performance in October 1928 and was instrumental in having the bronze plaque placed on the theater site. As a young actress she toured Australia and Europe, and while returning home from a London engagement, she met the well-known New England poet, Amy Lowell, later becoming her close friend and secretary.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 OCTOBER 1952 NO. 10

"Seedtime and Harvest"

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease (Genesis 8:22).

NOW in the season of the richness of the earth and the gathering of the harvest, we are reminded again of the ancient promise that the earth will continue to respond to the labor of men and women, that it will produce food for us, and yield also the beauty, and the color, and the comfort of its changing seasons.

From earliest times men have rejoiced in the splendor of earth and have derived great satisfaction and exalted joy in contemplating the endless possibilities and the enduring grandeur of this "footstool of heaven." Not only have the natural garden spots of earth been loved by the children of men, but the waste places and the wilderness have also been endeared to those whose lives have been spent in lands of little rain. Poets and prophets from earliest recorded time have expressed their close communion with the earth, even as Isaiah portrayed the exaltations of his people: "Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord has comforted his people" (Isaiah 49:13).

In the desert places and the mountains of Palestine, Jesus found comfort and rest to his soul. The shores of Galilee, the valley of the Jordan, the arid hills of Judea, and the environs of his home in Nazareth were rest places on his journeys and quiet havens where he communed through prayer with his Father in heaven.

In all ages, men and women who have lived close to the earth have derived strength and serenity—purpose and fulfillment, from communion with mountains and valleys, fields and forests, realizing the truth of the ancient words: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

To the home seekers of the latter days, the mountain valleys, in their awesome splendor, lay before the pioneers as a land of promise, a Canaan in the West. And the conquest of the arid land became a soul-inspiring task that minimized the difficulties and the tragedies of drought and floods. Brigham Young once voiced the rejoicings of his people when he said: "How does the earth feel when righteous men and women are walking upon it? . . . . I tell you there is strength in it."

One of the disrupting forces of our modern society is the great concentration of population in large centers, where few people have access to the steadying influence of contacts with fields and flowers, the amber beauty of wheatfields and the russet bounty of orchards.

Also, it has been the observation of many that older people who have a plot of land or a little garden, or even a window filled with growing things, retain their physical and mental health longer, are more contented, and feel themselves an integral part of the ever-growing, ever-changing, ever-blessed earth.

Now in this time of autumn, may we once again rejoice in the harvest, may we be generous with the portion which is ours, and may we remember that the earth has ample possibilities to yield food for all. When, through flood or drought or wind, or through human negligence and indifference, the cycle of seedtime and harvest is broken, then people in many parts of the earth are hungry and desolate. By example, through individual effort and responsibility, and through our united co-operation in the Welfare Plan, we as Latter-day Saints may help to make a better and a happier dwelling place for men.

O God of our salvation . . . . Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power. Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people . . . . Thou visitest the earth. . . . Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers. . . . Thou crownest the year with thy goodness . . . . and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing (Psalm 65:5-13).

—V. P. C.

* * * *

Child by a Stormy Sea

Lael W. Hill

Five years old, full of joy and wonder,
He runs along the gray sand looking to the thunder
Of the wide wind over and the white waves under.

Sky-eyed boy, he runs along the beaches—
Leaps to meet the wild gulls, the splashed wave-reaches—
Laughing to the songs that the swift wind teaches.

Never a doubt the way that he is going—
Quick along the curved edge, nor ever pause nor slowing—
Part of earth and sea he is, and dusk-wind blowing.

Oh, wise of heart, who slipped a dull, safe tether
For rippled sand, for curled sea, now let us race together—
Sharing for an hour this windy-silver weather.

In Memoriam—Elder Don B. Colton

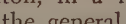
September 15, 1876—August 1, 1952

ELDER Don B. Colton, director of the mission home in Salt Lake City, for fourteen years, died August 1, 1952, at the age of seventy-five. Prominent in civic affairs and a devoted worker in the Church, he had served as United States Congressman, as president of Uintah Stake, president of the Eastern States Mission, and as an inspirational and beloved leader in many other positions of trust and responsibility. Two of his Easter messages published in *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Jesus Christ Our Lord" (April 1948) and "Jesus—Lord of the Resurrection" (April 1949) expressed Brother Colton's deep and abiding faith in eternal life and the joyful reunion with loved ones in the Father's kingdom.

As author of the theology lessons for Relief Society ("The Life and Ministry of the Savior," 1947-1951), he particularly endeared himself to the women of the Church.

The family of Brother Colton, in a note of appreciation for the sympathy extended to them by the general board of Relief Society, expressed Brother Colton's love for his work in preparing the theology lessons: "Brother Colton loved his work with you in the cause of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. He enjoyed so much writing the theology lessons and appreciated the opportunity to enlarge his knowledge of his Lord."

Relief Society members in all the stakes and missions of the Church extend heartfelt sympathy to Sister Colton and the family. May all the loved ones of Brother Colton be comforted at this time and may they be uplifted in spirit, recalling and always remembering the tender, compassionate spirit and the great love which Brother Colton manifested throughout his life.



The Aster

Gene Romolo

When autumn plucks the petals of the rose,
Leaving only briers on each stem,
The aster with a varied beauty blows,
To hearten us before there falls again
The cold, white covering that winter flings
Upon earth's breast to smother growing things.

Adventure in Glass

V—American Pressed Glass

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE invention of the pressing machine, which was the first major change of technique in nearly two thousand years, revolutionized the art of glassmaking. It made quantity production possible, and this put the glass industry upon a sound economic basis.

Several glasshouses were, in the 1820's, making such items as knobs, by a process of mechanical pressing, but no one had, as yet, produced a drinking vessel by mechanical means. In 1827 Deming Jarves, founder of the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, assisted by a practical workman, contrived a mold and a hand-operated machine by which he made the first pressed tumbler. This simple invention opened the way for mass production, and pressed glass, less expensive than blown ware, eventually found its way into every American home.

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

CRYSTAL PUNCH BOWL

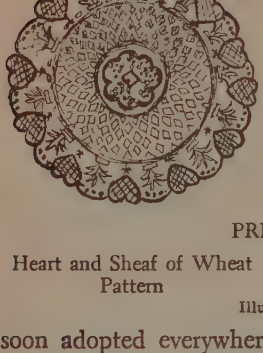
This heavy crystal glass bowl, made by Libbey Glass Company, shows the elaborate workmanship prevalent at the turn of the century.

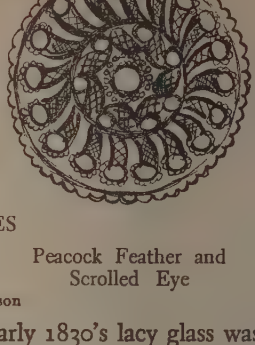
Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

CUT GLASS TABLE

This unusual piece, in the Neola pattern, is thirty-two inches high, and the top has a diameter of twenty-eight inches. Made by Libbey Glass Company, 1902.

The glass blowers, at first apprehensive, became panic-stricken, for they feared the new development might rob them of their handcraft. They threatened Jarves' life, and he was forced to remain inside his house for six weeks. Nevertheless, the new device was





PRESSED GLASS CUP PLATES

Heart and Sheaf of Wheat Pattern — Scotch Plaid — Peacock Feather and Scrolled Eye

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

soon adopted everywhere, and the glass workmen still found plenty of work.

Lacy Glass

The use of interesting and elaborately designed molds gave distinction to the output of the factory at Sandwich. Much of this early pressed ware is known as "lacy glass," which is in a class by itself because it is distinctive and was produced over a comparatively short period. The term is suggested by the lacy appearance of the background, which is covered by fine stippling. Lacy patterns were suited to the pressing process and could not be obtained by any other technique. So much of the fine lacy glass was produced at Sandwich that many people think only of Sandwich when the term "lacy glass" is mentioned, although it was made elsewhere. The lacy-glass period lasted for less than three decades, but during this time quantities of distinctive pressed ware were produced at Sandwich, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere. At its best, lacy glass was very effective, but the making of elaborate molds was an expensive process, and it was eventually discontinued, and more simple designs were substituted.

By the early 1830's lacy glass was being pressed in all forms, although the bulk of the output consisted of flat or shallow articles, such as cup plates, tea plates, sauce dishes, and salts, although such items as sugar bowls, compotes, celery holders, trays, and pitchers were successfully made. The greater part was made from clear lead-glass, but this early ware sometimes contained bubbles, and was frequently irregular from an uneven pressure of the plunger. The larger and more ambitious forms of lacy glass are the trays with open handles, compotes on high foot, in canary yellow, peacock blue, amethyst, or dark green. Lacy glass was not, however, so often produced in color, as the designs appeared to greater advantage on clear glass.

Cup Plates

Following the trend of the period, historical and commemorative patterns were introduced, the majority of them appearing on those attractive little items known as cup plates.

These little plates were about three inches in diameter and were made, previous to the advent of the pressing machine, of earthen-

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

SIMPLE EPERGNE

Decorated with simple copperwheel engraving, made by the Libbey Glass Company.

ware. They were used to avoid stain or damage to good linen and polished wood. Our forefathers 150 years ago often drank their tea from saucers, and the little plates were used to hold the cup while the hot tea was cooling in a saucer. Originally the plates sold for a few cents apiece and were popular for thirty years or more. Hundreds of them were decorated with conventional or lacy patterns; some had portrait heads of such important people as Washington, Queen Victoria, or Franklin. These were made in clear glass and a wide range of colors. A great number of historic and patriotic subjects were also used and were probably made in all the early glasshouses where the pressing machine was adopted.

Pattern Glass

During the late forties, what was known as pattern glass came into being and flooded the country during the next forty years. The term here refers to a whole matching set of glassware. This pressed tableware, with its numerous designs, some of them very attractive and interesting, found a place in most American homes and are now prized by their owners more for sentimental values than for the quality of the metal. An interesting glass made by the Gillinder Glasshouse of Philadelphia, combined a clear glass with a motif of acid-finished glass which resembled camphor; hence the term camphor glass. This combination appears in the pattern glass known as "Lion Glass" and the "Westward Ho." The latter, which shows an Indian,

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

CASED GLASS VASE

Brilliantly colored glass overlaid on clear glass, a popular decorative technique in the nineteenth century. Vase made by Libbey Glass Company.

a log cabin, a bison, and a deer, was obviously a bid for western trade.

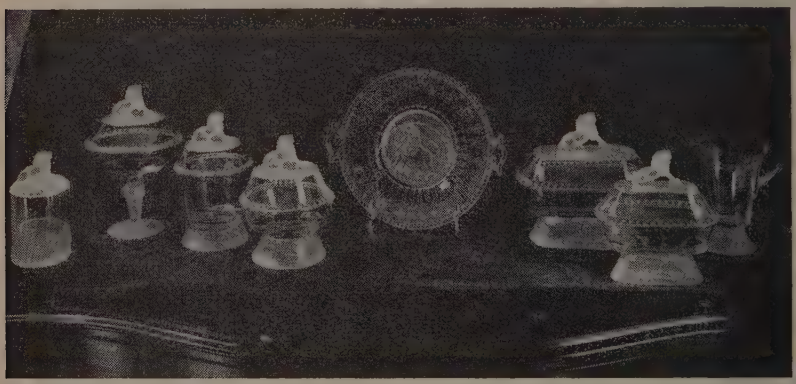
An important branch of glass pressing was that of making lamps. Some lamp bases were pressed in molds made especially for that purpose, but often lacy cup plates (made thicker) were used upside down and were attached to fonts that were hand-blown. Later, entire whale-oil lamps were made (in separate parts) by the pressing machine. Thousands of styles were produced, for in America the whale-oil lamp preceded the candle. The greater number of these lamps were of clear glass, though occasionally they were made in color.

Candlesticks, seldom made before the advent of the pressing machine, were now made in numerous styles. At first they had pressed bases only, the stems and nozzles being hand-blown. Later, completely pressed candlesticks became simple in design, their appeal resulting from use of unusual color, red, amber, royal purple, sapphire blue, canary, and opaque white. The dolphin was the most famous of all candlestick designs, appearing in the 1850's, and was probably a result of Venetian influence. The larger ones, with square bases, originated at Sandwich.

Blown Glass

Although enormous quantities of pressed glass were produced for our own use and for export, some glass was also hand-blown during the Victorian era. There were always customers who could afford the more expensive hand-blown articles, and many beautiful articles were produced during this period.

The New England Glass Company at this particular time surpassed all others in its technical accomplishments. One of the interesting glasses blown there was called "cased glass," which was similar to the famed Bohemian ware. Blown from the finest flint metal, it appeared in such forms as toilet



Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp)

LION-PATTERN GLASS

Clear Glass With Frosted Heads

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp)

MILK GLASS GROUP
Pair of Diamond-Point Compotes, "Lace-Edged" Bowls, and a Pair of Dolphin Candlesticks

bottles, lamps, and vases. By this method, brilliantly colored glass was overlaid on clear glass, and designs cut through the colored layer permitted the clear glass to show through.

It was the period of the bowl or dish on foot (Italian tazza type) and the epergne. An epergne, in its simplified form, was a shallow dish with a trumpet-like vase rising from a socket in the center. Sometimes it was a very complicated affair, reaching a height of two or more feet, and having a series of curved arms holding glass baskets, and interspersed with glass leaves. These centerpieces were a specialty at Sandwich.

Silvered glass, produced in imitation of silver, was also a Victorian novelty. It was blown double and coated on the interior with a silver nitrate preparation. Sometimes it was blown paper-thin but often was clumsy and inartistic and more suitable for door and furniture knobs than for tableware. It was made in a number of factories.

Solidity and a great deal of ornamentation in the form of cutting, engraving, and gilding were in demand during the mid-nineteenth century. Fruit dishes, compotes, and epergnes of great height were impressive, and vases and chandeliers gave a desired effect of magnificence. By 1880 a great deal of experimentation was producing interesting new "glass types" and color effects. A gradual shading of one color into another was to be found in such glass as the "amberina" and peachblow of the Cambridge Company and the Burmese (yellow to coral pink) of New Bedford. Items made by this technique were attractive, but unfortunately were sometimes marred by decoration of enameled flowers, birds, or even verses of poetry.

An attempt to imitate porcelain resulted in the opaque-white ware known as milk-white glass. These experiments, including the Favrille glass of Tiffany, were interesting because of their unusual colorings, but they denied the true function of glass, which is to transmit light.

A Case for Martha

Part II

Hannah Smith

Synopsis: Janet Winters was delighted when Frances Brooker arrived to spend the summer as a house guest while she collaborated with Dave Winters on a series of classical narratives to be done in twentieth century idiom and setting for phonograph transcription. However, on their first evening together, Frances Brooker reproached Janet for her obsession with superb housekeeping, fancy cooking, and elaborate table setting, and suggested that she was being a "Martha" who, as her Biblical predecessor, was "cumbered about much serving."

BY the time the last pan hung scoured and shining on the rack above the stove, Cart was howling thirstily for his ten-o'clock bottle. Janet changed and fed him quickly, then hurried out to the porch. The conversation had reached a scintillating height, flickering back and forth between the two like expert sword play. Frances Brooker was sitting out on the edge of her deep rattan chair, scowling in wry protest at something Dave was saying. She glanced up, smiling, as Janet came through the door.

"Good!" she said. "We need an umpire, I must say. Your husband has some preposterous ideas, Janet. Absolutely ridiculous!"

"Now, look here . . ." Dave was saying in a loud, spluttering tone. "Now, look here, Frances . . .!"

Janet saw that his tie was, as usual, up under his ear, his hair more tousled than ever. She settled down happily next to him in the porch swing, slipping her feet with a silent sigh of relief, out of her high-heeled, dress-up sandals. Listening drowsily and admiringly, she realized it would be stimulating to know this clever woman . . . so profound . . . so . . . .

She sat up with a startled embarrassed laugh, realizing abruptly that Dave had spoken to her twice.

"Sorry, Davie," she said, aghast. "I guess I'd better go in to bed, before you have to carry me."

In the following days, her hope for better acquaintance with Frances Brooker proved bafflingly difficult to achieve. As soon as Dave's classes at the university closed for the summer, he and his new collaborator settled into a hard working, seldom broken routine. Each morning they spent in the study, their typewriters pounding out a rapid duet, interrupted at intervals by the rise and fall of their absorbed, argumentative voices. In the afternoons they made trial transcriptions of the records, for length and timing. The evenings were often given over to correcting the day's work and planning for the next morning's task.

Janet, knowing Dave's enthusiasm for the project and observing the steady advance of the work, fought down a small vague feeling of abandonment. It wasn't so much that she and Dave were missing their usual vacation together; they'd agreed regretfully on that long before, she reminded herself. It wasn't that Frances Brooker was un-

friendly. But whenever she talked with her, Janet always seemed to come away feeling somehow baffled and frustrated, even though their talks inevitably consisted of solicitous protests from Frances that Janet was working too hard—suggestions that she should use paper napkins instead of linen, cut down on her ironing, her housecleaning. When Janet protested feebly that the work had to be done, that she enjoyed most of it, Frances Brooker's expression always seemed to Janet to hold a faint tinge of incredulity.

FOR some unnamed reason, she stopped wearing in her hair the bright ribbons that matched her cotton dresses, and she put away a particularly frivolous pair of red sandals. Several times she found herself dragging unrelated, pedantic topics into the table conversation, and Dave's fondly amused look would make her burn with a feeling of awkward immaturity.

Janet felt that something was wrong between her and Dave, something, down below the surface of things.

The summer will soon be over, she kept reminding herself; then everything will be the same again. However, one evening in July Janet began to fear that she and Dave might not regain their old footing.

Barbie had been tantalizingly difficult to get to bed, and it was nearly nine before Janet joined the two collaborators in the study, taking with her a library book she'd snatched up as she passed the hall table. Her mind was only partly on the story, when Dr. Brooker looked over abruptly and asked her what she was reading.

Janet had been sitting with her legs curled under her and her book on the arm of the chair, and, at the sound of the other woman's voice, she suddenly felt kiddish and awkward. She straightened and put her feet on the floor. "Why . . . ." She found herself flushing defensively. "A light novel."

"Interesting?"

"Not especially—I just happened to pick it up," Janet stammered, hating herself for the apologetic note in her voice but unable to erase it. "I was too tired for anything heavier."

Frances Brooker put her elbow on her chair back and smiled at Janet, shaking her head with amused reproof. "Still polishing goblets and ironing linen," she said. "You owe it to yourself, Janet, to cut out a lot of this—manual labor."

You could if you wanted to, her tone seemed to add.

Janet had just opened her mouth to answer when her eyes caught Dave's . . . a stranger's gaze, calm, analytical, and frighteningly dispassionate.

"I do think Frances is right," he said. "You do have a Martha complex, Jan. Frances was just saying this morning that the average woman . . . ."

All at once Jan jumped up, the phrase, the superior tone angering her.

"The average woman!" she said. "Is that what I am to you now, Dave Winters? Just an . . .?"

Before he could answer, Frances crossed the room and put a hand on Janet's arm.

"Of course you aren't," she said, in warm concern. "I'm afraid this is my fault—and I was only trying

to help in what I said. But, as an outsider, let me warn you, Jan—you should spend more time with Dave, give some of it to his work."

JANET left the room before saying something she'd regret later. She'd take the car and drive, she decided—but, no, the keys were in Dave's pocket. Then she remembered the extra set on top the broom closet. She was on the second step of the rickety kitchen stool when the stepstool teetered—and, surely, it was between that time and the next jarring instant when the idea struck her.

She was moaning when Dave reached her. Her eyelids fluttered open and caught a camera-shutter glimpse of his stricken face—then flickered quickly shut again. Something really did hurt—and badly—she discovered with surprise.

"Bad shoulder sprain," was the doctor's verdict. "Stay off your feet and give that shoulder a rest. Your husband says he can make arrangements for someone to take the baby for a while. And your friend here says she'll be glad to get the meals."

"You mean—Dr. Brooker?" Janet's voice, even dulled and drowsy with sleeping pills, held a note of incredulity and dismay.

"Surely!" Frances Brooker's voice from the foot of the bed, at Dave's elbow, was bright, friendly, and confident. "Not any trouble at all. I'll be glad to help."

JANET slept. Later she awoke with such an aching sense of misery that for a minute she could hardly orient herself to its magnitude. Then she remembered. She'd done a silly, childish thing, on a reckless impulse—and now, as if in judgment, Frances Brooker was stepping into another part of her life, usurping still more of her own cherished kingdom.

Janet stared at the ceiling. She heard brisk steps in the kitchen, a feminine voice, Dave's deeper, answering tone. She licked a tear off her lip. She had a sudden vivid picture of Frances Brooker, apron-clad, stirring Dave's breakfast cereal while she chatted lightly, sparklingly, about Milton.

Janet gave a strangled sob and pulled the covers over her head. When Dave tiptoed in, she stayed under till she heard him go away.

It was a long while later before he came back, carrying a tray, attractively set and bearing a dismally — to Janet — appetizing-looking breakfast.

"She can even cook," Janet said dully, looking at the food.

Dave put the tray down on the bedside table.

"What?" he asked abstractedly. "Oh, yes, I guess she can." His eyes were on Janet and they had a seeing, Dave-ish look in them. "She makes an awful lot of fuss about it, though. Do you know, I asked her if she'd have time to go over a transcription tonight, and do you know what she said?"

Janet got up on her elbow. Her eyes held a look of bright and dawning interest. "No . . . ."

Dave looked righteously aggrieved. "She said, *'No! no!'* She said she was dead tired already and that she was going to bed right after dinner. Why, she doesn't even have Cart here. She hasn't done a thing except get breakfast and order groceries."

There was a small, tentative knock on the bedroom door.

"Come in!" Janet called, cordiality ringing in her voice.

Frances Brooker's face was flushed. There were parallel lines across her learned forehead. When she met Janet's smile, her gray eyes held a look that could only be interpreted as respectful.

"Janet," she asked worriedly, "I hate to bother you now, but there are several questions I'd like to ask about the house."

"Go right ahead," said Janet affably. "Ask me anything."

"Dr. I. Q. herself," Dave grinned, pinching her toe through the blankets. "Say, since Frances is so busy, would you mind if I read the transcript to you?"

Janet's lashes demurely hid her eyes. "Why . . . no, Dave," she said. "I'd love it."

While Dave's voice rose and fell Janet was only half listening. How long would she have to stay in bed, she wondered.

"How do you like it?" Dave asked, putting down the script and tucking the blanket in carefully around her.

"It's lovely," said Janet dreamily. "Now read me the one about Mary and Martha."

* * * *

Packed Lunch Suggestions

Hazel Stevens

Utah State Department of Health
Prepared for the Utah State Nutrition Council

Now is the time when school children, in some areas, will be eating carried lunches. Many men and women will continue to pack a daily lunch.

A good lunch must nourish, must taste good, and should carry and keep well.

Precautions

In hot weather bacteria multiply very quickly and foods such as potato salad, fish sandwiches, cream puddings, and so on, may be problems. Wide-mouthed thermos bottles are best for some of these foods. Lunches should be stored in cool places—not in the sun, heated furnace room, or closed up in a warm car. Even in winter months, lunch boxes need to be in a cool place. Some foods used for lunches, which are packed several hours in advance, may need refrigeration.

Hot foods should be piping hot when packed and cold foods should be icy cold.

Lunch pails and thermos jars should be cleaned daily.

Equipment and Materials Suitable for Carried Lunches

Accessories add interest to a carried lunch and make possible a greater variety of food. Such accessories might include:

Lunch pails
Thermos jars
Clean paper sacks
Wax paper and wax paper bags
Plastic bags or plastic material in sheets
Half-pint jars with good lids (wide mouth preferred)
Spoons or forks when necessary (silver, plastic, or other types)
Paper cartons, waxed (with covers)
Plastic sauce dishes in various shapes (round or pie-shaped)
Paper place mats
Napkins—large and small

Sandwiches

A variety of breads makes the lunch box interesting. Try 100 per cent whole wheat, enriched white, rye—with or without caraway seeds, mixed meal breads, pumpernickle, or raisin bread.

Sweet breads may include cinnamon, date, raisin, banana—with or without nuts. They can be used plain, buttered, or with a cream cheese. Cornmeal, bran, or fruit muffins, cut in the center and buttered, make nice additions to eat with salad and stewed fruits.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Peanut butter:	Plain or with honey, jam, or ground raisins With minced crisp bacon or green pepper With grated carrot or chopped celery
Peanuts:	Chopped or whole, with mayonnaise, or added to other mixes
Cheese:	Cottage cheese, drained, plain or with chopped nuts, parsley, chives, green pepper Brick or Cheddar cheese Creamed cheese, plain or with nuts, green peppers, olives, or chives
Meats:	Sliced lamb, pork, beef, veal roasts (thoroughly chilled before packing) Ground left-over roast with minced onion and salad dressing Crisp bacon, plain or with egg, and fresh tomato separately packed Sliced chilled meat loaf, plain or with dressing or mustard
Canned Meats and Fish:	Deviled ham, Vienna sausage, tuna, salmon, ham Corned beef, beef tongue, veal loaf
Chicken:	Chilled stewed chicken—plain sliced Minced, with salad dressing Fried piece wrapped separately
Eggs:	Hard-cooked, mashed, seasoned and moistened with evaporated milk or cream Plain, or with chopped parsley, pepper, or crisp bacon
Miscellaneous:	Olive and nut, with dressing Avocado—mashed, seasoned with savory salt or onion juice—with a bit of lemon juice Avocado and egg salad Chilled baked beans (mashed), seasoned with a bit of catsup

Courtesy American Institute of Baking

Freezing Sandwiches

Some types of sandwiches can be made in quantity and frozen for future use. Good types for freezing are: chicken, beef, salmon, cheese, and peanut butter. These usually keep three to four weeks. Ham usually becomes strong after two or three weeks. Sandwiches should be packaged separately in moisture-proof, vapor-proof, resistant paper and labeled for identification. They carry best and seem fresher when packed in the lunch box in the frozen state.

Foods for the Thermos Jar

Hot foods should be packed very hot for safety and to be tasty. Rinse the thermos jar in hot water, then fill with very hot water and allow to stand until ready to fill. When cold food is desired, rinse the jar in ice water and refrigerate the food prior to packing in the thermos.

Foods best suited to the thermos are:

Hot stewed vegetables, such as tomatoes, hot broth, meat stews, oyster stew, chowder. Particularly good are: chicken-noodle soup, cream of celery soup, cream of pea soup, corn chowder, and beef-rice or barley-beef stews.

Hot juices, such as tomato juice, plain or spiced; grape juice, grapefruit juice, orange juice, lemonade, apple juice, or cider.

Hot milk beverages, such as Postum made with milk, chocolate-flavored milk.

Cold drinks, such as molasses milk shake, banana milk shake, eggnogg, or

cold milk, chilled fruit and vegetable juices, such as orange, tomato, grapefruit or fruit punch.

NOTE: (Wide-mouth, small thermos jars are ideal for cold salads, stewed fruits, soft puddings.)

Suggestions to Add Variety, Nutrients, and Extras to a Carried Lunch

Radishes—washed in advance, packed in containers with a square of ice
Carrot sticks, chilled, packed in wax paper or small plastic bags
Green pepper strips
Slices of raw turnips
Celery, plain or filled with cream cheese
Wedges of crisp cabbage or sections of crisp head lettuce
Green onions, packed well to avoid exchange of flavors
Whole tomatoes, apples, or oranges (peeled or unpeeled). Other fresh fruit in season, such as plums, peaches, apricots, pears, or grapes
Pickles—sweet or sour or dill
Olives, stuffed, green, or ripe
Hard-cooked eggs, halved or whole, plain or stuffed
Wedges or cubes of brick cheese
Dried fruits—plain or stuffed with cheese or nuts or dipped in coconut mix
Nuts—peanuts or cashews
Corn, potato, and cheese chips

Suggestive Desserts for Carried Lunches

Fruits: fresh, dried, stewed, or canned
Fruit salads: molded or plain
Puddings (chilled thoroughly before packing): rice, custard, lemon sponge, sago and tapioca, brown betty, pumpkin custard
Gingerbread, applesauce cake, sponge cake squares
Sweet breads: Nut, raisin, date, or orange—plain or with cream cheese
Cookies, oatmeal, peanut butter, raisin nut, brownies, and fruit-filled tarts or turnovers, such as apple or berry.

Suggested Lunches

The type and amount of food will vary with the individual's activity, hours of work, and time of eating

Light Lunch

Egg salad sandwich
Peeled orange
Thermos with milk

Medium Lunch

Egg salad sandwich
Carrot sticks
Thermos: cream of tomato soup
Oatmeal cookie
Peeled orange

Heavy Lunch

Egg salad sandwich
Peanut butter and crisp bacon sandwich
Carrot sticks
Corn chips
Peeled orange
2 oatmeal cookies
Thermos of milk or cream soup

A Time to Forget

Chapter 4

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester, a walnut farm in the San Vincente Valley. On her first visit to the property she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican who is staying with some laborers on the Landeau property, offers to help Serena with the farm work. Serena learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a wealthy woman in her own right, has been dead more than five years.

THE coolness of July gave way to unprecedented August heat. The hills encircling the valley turned to dun color, save for the trees and shrubs on the western side. Even in San Francisco the gray fog did not roll in from the ocean. Waves of heat met Serena when she came through the tunnel that led to her valley. By the time she reached home there was often a cooling breeze and she was glad she had the screened porch for a bedroom.

Luis watered early in the mornings, using the water almost to the danger line, then resting the well until the cool of evening. Each week less water registered on the measuring shaft. The apples that had shown so much early promise fell from the trees, dry and inedible. The peaches on the young trees were sweet, but they did not develop to full size, and the figs almost gave up growing, as if the tree had no will to reach out for the disappearing water. Only the walnut trees held their own, their green branches stretching outward and upward.

"The soil of your land is heavy and good," Luis told her proudly in Spanish.

Jeff Landeau rode over one evening. When Serena saw him get out of the car, she waited inside for him to strike the porch gong, determined to meet his coolness with casualness.

"I've been looking at the trees," he said, "and the aphids are bad. They're bad all over the valley in spite of the heat. If the breeze ever lets up in the evening, we'll dust."

She thanked him, but did not invite him to sit on the cool lawn.

A few nights later when she came home, not a leaf stirred in the orchard. She ate outside, Luis serving her a salad he had bought in the village. "Too hot for you to cook, Mees," he said, wiping his brown face with a big red handkerchief.

"Dust tonight?" She pointed to the walnut trees.

Luis' brown, wrinkled face smiled with understanding. "Leesen, Mistar Landeau, he dust now."

From the distant orchard she heard the whine of the dusting machine, loud and mournful as it came closer. Later, its monotony brought sleep. A little before midnight a cool breeze came and ended the dusting. Coughing, Serena awoke. About her the air was

thick and colored, like a heavy yellow fog covering her. She stood up, half asleep, struggling for breath and smelling the nicotine. From the rear she heard Luis running and calling, "Get in Mees, get in!"

SHE ran into the living-room, blanket-wrapped, while Luis shut the doors and windows, all too late. A film of fine dust lay on everything, and the smell hung in the room, heavier than dust. After the breeze had drifted the cloud of nicotine down the orchard, she sent Luis back to the orchard. Because her sheets and blankets were covered with the penetrating spray, she came inside to sleep. Why hadn't Jeff warned her so that she could close the house? Perhaps he thought the sound of the machine was warning enough for a walnut grower.

The next evening she was alone. It was Luis' night to go into town for a church social. He had cleaned the house and left her supper ready to be eaten outside, where she could enjoy the gaudy zinnias and the banks of thirsty marigolds.

The shrill clang of the telephone broke the evening stillness. Jeff Landeau had never called her before, but she knew his voice the instant she heard his deep "Hello."

"If you will loan me Luis for the evening, I can finish around the yard and dust your orchard tonight."

When she told him it was Luis' night out, she could almost feel his irritation, it was so strong.

"I haven't a man on the place," he complained, "either they are sick or they have sick relatives, and we may not get another still night like this until it is too late."

He paused, and Serena knew he was trying to think his way out.

"Anything I can do for you?" She asked it lightly, making conversation.

"Why I think you could," he replied in surprise. "It will be your test of a farmer."

"What do you want me to do?" There was excitement in her voice.

"You can drive for me while I handle the dusting." He was daring her.

"When will you be ready?"

"In fifteen minutes."

SERENA ate the last of her ice cream and changed quickly into an old, blue linen dress, with a short jacket. She wound a blue silk scarf around her short brown curls and went on the lawn to wait. Overhead the plane tree, with its graceful leaves, was still, and she could see the golden afterglow of the day through the great oak beyond the lawn. Stretching herself on the cool grass, she closed her eyes and waited. There was no sound save the goodnight twittering of the birds and the chirp of an early cricket.

The sound of a car on her gravelled drive brought her quickly to her feet. Jeff Landeau got out of his pickup and opened the door for her.

"You look pretty fancy for a lady crop duster," he said, the amusement in his blue eyes denying the severity of his mouth.

"But practical, I hope." She slid into the driver's seat. Close by was a pile of clean white handkerchiefs, man-size. She looked questioningly at them.

"You'll be ready to use them soon." He got in beside her.

Tonight was her first close view of the Landeau yard. The old house with its white clapboards and high railed porch was freshly painted, and there were summer flowers. It looked as if Delia had said she wanted a flower garden and Jeff had gone out and hurriedly planted flowers in straight rows to satisfy her. Everything was neat. The fine farm machinery was sheltered in the white barn. The driveways were carefully raked and weeded. Yet the place looked lonely, even gloomy.

Young David was in the barn hammering. "I'm making a boat," he confided, pleased to have company. "It's a flatboat, to float down the river."

"Where will you find a river in this dry country?" She leaned out to appreciate the pieces of light wood.

"I'll sail it in a tub. Or maybe I'll wait until winter. Daddy says after this hot summer it will be a wet winter, and the water will run in the ditch along the lane, enough to sail a real boat."

Serena remembered the narrow ditch filled with weeds, and said, "Oh, I hope not enough for a real boat. That would mean floods."

By now Jeff had the dusting machine adjusted and the sacks of dust poured into the hopper. Serena's coughing ended the conversation, and, at a wave of his father's hand, the boy went back into the barn to his lonely play.

"When it gets bad, tie one of these around your nose and mouth," Jeff said and gave her a handkerchief.

SHE piloted the car up and down the rows around the barn and house. Occasionally they paused a moment to let the dust settle so that they could breathe. Jeff knew what he was doing and enjoyed it. His enthusiasm reached Serena, and her laughter was young and gay as they drove through the yellowish mist. By the barn he hoisted more bags of dust into the rear of the pickup while Serena got out of the car to sniff the honeysuckle, sweet in the young moonlight.

"It's the smell of the moonlight itself," she declared, holding up a spray to Jeff. He stuck it grudgingly into his buttonhole. "When you get as old as I am you just smell the dust," he said.

On the way to Serena's place, Jeff glanced at her through the rear mirror as she tucked a stray curl inside the silk scarf. Leaning against the window, he sang in a smooth baritone, "She had a dark and rovin' eye, and her hair hung down in ringlets."

Surprised as much by his unexpected burst of song as by his mellow voice, Serena answered him in her clear soprano, "She was a nice girl, a proper girl, but one of the rovin' kind."

They sang lustily together until the machine's whine started and obscured their voices.

This time they were finished before midnight. They were ending the last row when the cool wind came, carrying the dust away from the trees. Serena took off the binding handkerchief to revel in the cool, clean air. Stopping the car under the grape arbor by the kitchen door, she said, "It's been fun."

In the moonlight his face looked

relaxed and young. "Did I pass the test?" she asked, teasing, yet wanting an affirmative answer.

For a brief moment Jeff's arm touched hers. She could feel its warmth and vitality. Then, abruptly, he withdrew it and got out of the car to resume the driver's seat. "Yes, you passed the test." His voice was stiff and cold.

She stepped to the ground, suddenly chilled and tired. The moment of intimacy was gone.

"Good night," she called and went into the house.

A week after the dusting, the hottest weather of the summer came, not two or three days at a time, but a week, ten days, and then August slid into September, the heat still strong. The green nuts began to show brown cheeks. It was sunburn, getting worse each day.

"We don't know how bad it will be," Jeff Landeau told Serena one evening as he stopped with David on his way home from town. "I'm going to start harvesting the Persian orchard the end of the week, then we'll start the Concords. I'm afraid the entire crop will be darker this year."

"I know that sunburn shrivels the nuts, but does the dark color affect the quality?" she asked, phrasing her question carefully to hide unnecessary ignorance.

David's blue eyes opened wide. "You don't know much about walnuts, do you?" he asked in surprise. "When the nuts are dark, we don't get as much money."

"That's your answer—in a nutshell," Jeff added.

That night Serena felt lonely, the house too big. Because the night was suddenly cool, she closed the doors before she sat down to read. Before she could open her book, there was a light tap on the door and Luis came in, his hair neatly brushed and in his freshly changed clothes, as always a little too large for him.

"Scuse, Mees." He stood in the doorway, an apologetic, yet determined look on his face.

Serena invited him to sit down. He took a straight-backed chair, facing her. Then in slow, careful Spanish he began to talk. He hoped she would forgive his great audacity, but for all these months he had watched her and now he must speak.

"You have too much of the sadness, Senorita." He clasped his hands together in a gesture of supplication. "With me, with others, you try not to show it, but it is there. Now you are young and your strong body and mind can resist this malady of the spirit; yet the time will come when it grows too strong for you." He raised his eyes to study her face.

"Ah, Senorita, there are people in this world created by God and do not want God. Of such people we can expect little. But you, Senorita, God did much for you, and you have a debt of gratitude."

Surprised, Serena could not resent these words, for they were spoken in truth. She lowered her eyes, looking at her hands, slim and still in her lap.

"Sadness," Luis went on slowly, "makes in time for bitterness and despair. Between us and hope it puts a barrier. Senorita, I know." Luis spoke with much earnestness.

"I, too, had the sadness once. But I had not your wisdom, for I did foolish, bad things."

"HOW did you find yourself?" Her voice was so low that she scarcely heard it.

Luis smiled his quick, radiant smile and moved his gnarled brown hand in a graceful sweep. "That, Senorita, is a story of great length, but I first heard of God's plans for his children from two young men of your country. I heard of the gospel from them—these missionaries, and that was the beginning."

Then, as if he had said too much, he bowed and excused himself.

For a long time after Luis left Serena sat in her chair, staring at her folded hands but not seeing them. Luis' words came hard. She had cherished the belief that by now, at least, her malady was hidden from others. Yet, if Luis saw it, it was just as plain to others. The time had come when she must forget.

With a quick, decisive gesture, she got out of her chair and went to the desk where Jim's picture stood. It was a young Jim, smiling and confident in his officer's uniform, proud of his first wings. "Dear Jim," she whispered, taking the picture in her hands. Not looking at it again, she placed it in the bottom of the chest in the big bedroom which she reserved for guests. She would not look at it again until time had softened all her memories.

That night she lay awake for a long time. She was in that dark country where the past ended and she could not yet see the light of tomorrow. When at last she slept, she dreamed of the walnut harvest. She was on the lawn and the nuts came falling down in a brown shower. Jeff Landeau stood under the tree. "Pick up the nuts," he told her. She held some in her hands, turning them over and laughing, happy because they were her possession.

Riding on the bus next morning, Serena evolved her plans. First she would find someone to live with her, a woman or a girl who needed a home. Perhaps it would be a teacher, a young one who, like herself, found it difficult to become a living part of the community. Together, they could make their way. They could go to the various church socials. Perhaps they would visit Luis' church. They would attend the high school plays and cheer the basketball team. Serena would bake cakes for the boy scout food sales. There was the Farm Bureau she could join. And all the time she would be looking for congenial work nearer home. That shouldn't be too hard in the fast-growing community. Within the year she would make the break from Mr. Green and the office.

(To be continued)

Caterpillar

Iris W. Schow

Ugly, plodding through the dust,
Fumbling after higher things,
Yet his instinct, wise as trust,
Gains the bright reward of wings.

Wayne Davis

HARVEST FIELD, ALPINE, ARIZONA

Late Harvest

Beatrice K. Ekman

The window framed late harvest fields,
Stubble and sheaves of twine-bound grain.
The round, full moon was at the flood,
A worn, dirt road turned down the lane;

In the inverted bowl of night
The quiet stars gleamed overhead;
On mountain slopes and kneeling hills
A mesh of moonbeam silver spread.

Above the stately poplar trees
Wild, migrant geese went winging by;
We heard their ancient, yearning call
Echoing down the sky.

Make Your Own Fall Hat

Winifred P. Sanders

ALL women love beautiful hats and the psychological value of a new hat is something no one denies. You can have a hat to match every outfit. "Wonderful," you sigh, "but how could I afford that?"

Easy, make them up, make them over, make them excitingly and exclusively your very own. Your hat, that important center of interest, can be your own creation through the delightful discovery of hatmaking.

Students in the art of designing and hatmaking have found that it is fun to exchange ideas and suggestions. Observations and experiences are also good teachers. Watch the smart hats on the street. Be an alert window shopper, and examine the better current style trends, most expressive of your personality. Clever handling of style, shape, and color can perform astonishing illusions that will flatter both face and figure.

To begin with, let's take an old hat and make it over. No doubt you have several tucked away in some dark corner of the clothes closet. After all, you say, the material in them is so good, and it is a shame not to do something with them. You certainly can, and you'd be surprised what can be done.

Making Over a Felt Hat

Washing

If a hat has lost its style, but not its quality, then you are in for an adventure in hatmaking. A felt hat can be washed, just as you would wash a nice, wool sweater.

First, take everything off the hat, trimming, head-size band—everything. You can use a razor blade to do this, but be careful not to cut the felt. Wash the hat in lukewarm sudsy water and rinse well in water of the same temperature. Do not wring the hat out, but roll it up in an old towel to get all the excess moisture out.

Felt can be stretched and pulled into shape by means of gentle tension, but should not be forced with abruptness. It is surprising how, for example, a small crown can be formed into a broader low crown, with enough excess felt left to make a narrow, flat, or rolled brim, all in one piece, or continuous from the crown.

Blocking a Hat

After a hat has been washed it is ready for blocking. Block the hat while it is still wet. In fact, you can finish the hat while it is damp. Sewing on damp felt is much easier than sewing on dry felt, as the needle sometimes splits the felt when dry.

To begin the blocking process, ease the hat on to the hat block and smooth it into shape. Smooth the top of the crown in a circular motion until it takes the shape of the block. Find the head size placement and tie a cord around it. For experimentation, try different ways of creasing and smoothing the hat into different contours. The crown may be molded into various folds, it may be crease-pinched partly in front or partly in back at different levels. Folds may be over

Felt Shapes on Hat Blocks

each other or be made to turn in and out and back again. Do not worry if the dye comes off on the hands, it will disappear after several washings. Dark-colored felts always shed dye.

After the felt has been shaped, as a general rule, the edge needs trimming. It is easy to cut felt, especially while wet. (This can also be done when the felt is dry.) Decide on the exact line edge for the brim and mark it with chalk. Cut the edge straight across with scissors. Scrape the edge with the blade of the scissors or with a razor blade, and when dry, steam press the edge, and it will close in with a roundness which has a commercial appearance. Or the edge can be turned back one-half inch and hemmed, by hand, using the slip stitch. At the same time a wire can be placed inside the hem to give a more finished and professional look. Any portion of a reblocked hat which needs steam pressing can be done after the felt is dry. Use a padded mit or an improvised pad, apply to the felt, and steam press. Move the pad as needed, and repeat until the effect desired is obtained.

Types of Blocks

In hatmaking the block is to the hat as the mold to a bowl of jello. Your block gives your hat its shape, so it has a very important part in making your hat turn out just right. Blocks are made from wood, papier-mache, fiber cloth, and many other types of material. If you make your own block or use a buckram shape, the block must be built up with a water repellent hardening agent, such as shellac, clear varnish, clear lacquer, or enamel, or the block may be covered with glued tape, then sized or painted.

Blocks are usually made in two pieces—crown and brim. You can even use your imagination and search the kitchen for possible utensils lending themselves to block shapes. A large wooden salad bowl, jello mold, or cake tin for a brim, or even a vacuum cleaner roll could be used in making a rolled brim. Wet your piece of buckram or felt, put it over the shape you want to use, and slip it off when it is dry. A piece of thin muslin could be used first, before the buckram is put on the mold. Even plant pots of various sizes make good hat blocks. Try them on your head first, for fit.

You'll find it exciting to make your own blocks and invent your own hat shapes.

If none of these improvised blocks suits you, then use your own head for a block. Stand before the mirror and shape the felt with your fingers. Many lovely hats have been made this way, but you

do have to spend enough time to get the felt very smooth.

How to Clean an Old Hat

To clean an old felt hat, brush it thoroughly to take out dust and loose surface soil. Dampen a cloth with a good commercial cleaning fluid and rub it over the hat evenly, removing spots as you go. After cleaning a white felt hat rub it with a cake of powdered milk of magnesia.

To restore the shape, hold the hat over a teakettle, with a press pillow on the underside against the out-of-shape part. Steam. Steam softens the sizing in felt and makes it easy to shrink or stretch. Push in one direction with left hand against the out-of-shape part, and pat press with fingers of right hand. Allow to dry.

Making Other Type Hats

There are other types of hats you can make besides washing an old felt hat or cleaning and retrimming one of which you have grown tired. There are *the covered frame, the pattern hat,* and *the wire frame.*

Covered Frames

Here's another place where you can let your imagination be your guide. Frames are like blocks, except that they are not reinforced as heavily and are usually in one piece. In the factory, frames are made over wooden blocks the exact shape and size of the finished buckram shape. They can be made from buckram, crinoline, or willowette. There are many types of buckram frames, including the calot, mushroom, pillbox, sailor, bonnet, and cloche, and their variations. Factory-made, or ready-made frames, can be purchased as a timesaver, and are very reasonably priced. However, you can easily make a few of the simple types if you have a skull block.

The buckram style you choose is up to you, and the fabric you use is a matter of your choice. For winter wear, there are woolens, velvets, melusine, velusheen, and a score of other materials to choose from.

The general principle of covering frames is consistency in the thread grain. The fabric may be placed at center front and center back on the true bias. The true bias will, therefore, fall at right side and left side, and the top will be placed similarly. Each style of buckram shape is a problem in itself, but once you have learned to cover a few different types, the others will come easy.

The Pattern Hat

Pattern hats are soft hats, with no wire. They do not cover a frame. Sometimes pattern hats are made from straw or felt bodies. Straw cloth, skirt felt, and many other types of fabrics are ideal for pattern hats. If stiffening is needed use a lining of a soft, light weight fabric such as taffeta, French crepe, honeycomb, net, sized crepe, or an interlining of cotton muslin, crinoline, taffeta, cotton felt, or cotton flannel. The lining should be cut one half to one-fourth inches smaller than the hat itself. Interlinings may be sewed at the same time the hat is sewed. Lay the linings separately, seam to seam, and tack. Pattern hats are generally sewed from the inside. Sewing machine stitching is strong and practical. The variations of pattern hats are: sectional crowns, two-piece crowns,

tip and side crown, soft brim without frame or wire, two-piece berets, and sectional berets.

Wire Frames

Transparent hats, made with the use of wire, are usually covered with very sheer materials, such as marquisette, crepe, chiffon, or lace. Crowns, open or closed, are generally framed of covered wire in varieties of shapes. Buckram crowns, covered with velvet, may be adapted with transparent brims.

Sewing the Hat Together

Although some of the stitching used in the making of a hat can be done with the sewing machine, as suggested above, most of the work must be done by hand, since the homemaker does not have access to the special machines used in millinery manufacturing. To join the brim to the crown, place the edge of the crown over the brim and use the back stitch to hold the two together, or the slip stitch can be used if you decide not to use a band of velvet or other material to cover the seam. The sweat-band or head-size band on the inside of the hat is usually made of grosgrain ribbon, shaped and steam pressed in a circle before it is placed inside the hat.

Trimming

If a hat is still in good style, it can be retrimmed, to give it a new look. You can wear a hat several seasons with little change in its contour. But the thing that makes the hat new again is a change in the trimming. It seems that everyone remembers the trimming, if it is a little unusual, more than the shape of the hat. Therefore, you can take a good basic hat and have several different trims for it, by just snapping the trim on and off at a moment's notice.

What one person can wear to good advantage is not so good for others. You can use certain materials to experiment with in deciding on suitable decorations for hats. Tissue paper is adjustable for certain shapes, as well as to determine size and bulk for different types and styles. It can be pleated, gathered, and made into bows, flower effects, and novel motif creations. For color effects, colored tissue paper can also be used, as well as fabrics. Use the trimming you have on hand. Never throw away anything that is still usable, such as ribbon, feathers, or flowers. Arrange for placement and ideas just as a trial. Try on hats which have interesting decoration and study them to see how the decoration is made. Use the ideas in different combinations as a trial and error method.

Retouching Old Trimming

You can renovate old flowers by brushing with a good liquid cleaner, or dip into the solution and brush gently with a paintbrush, let dry, trim edges and retouch the surface of petals with milliner's shellac, or make a thin solution of gelatin and use your thumb and fingers to put it around the edges. This gives body and freshens the appearance. Spot or dip in the cleaner, soiled ribbon, lace, and similar trimmings. Place soiled feathers in a jar of cleaner, tighten the lid, and shake well, always using precaution if the cleaner is inflammable. Freshen veils by sponging or dipping in cleaner; stiffen veils by placing between wax paper, with wrapping paper under and over, and press

with a hot iron. Clean velvet by spotting. Clean velvet ribbon by placing a dampened cloth over an upturned iron and pulling the ribbon along the surface edge of the iron. This forces the pile outward and takes out wrinkles.

Sewing the Trimming

Flowers, feathers, and other hat ornaments and trimmings may be sewed to the hat with the tack-and-tie stitch, which is stronger and less noticeable than the continuous stitch. Always use thread of a matching color, and, if you do not have access to millinery thread, you can take ordinary thread and slide it over some beeswax to make it strong. In doing all of your millinery sewing you will find it easier to use a milliner's needle, which is longer than the ordinary needle.

Two important rules for sewing hats are: 1. *Do not oversew;* use only the necessary stitches. 2. *Hide all stitches,* except where the stitching is used for special ornamentation.

Beyond the Season's Changing

Grace Sayre

Each dusty, brown road staggers
Through depths of aster haze
To carry sumac torches
For lambent autumn days.

Beyond the season's changing,
Each autumn flare shall blend
Along each reddened roadway
Where gypsy fires ascend.

Design for Leaves

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

It's easy to imagine
Till one almost believes
That scores of cookie cutters
First cut out the leaves.

So many shapes and sizes
Some fancy, others plain,
With scalloped edge and etchings traced
Through every slender vein.

And while they wait for winter's snow
To freezer pack them down,
They cool from summer's searing heat,
Sun-baked a golden brown.

And some crisp autumn morning,
Don't be surprised to see
Each crunchy, toasted, amber leaf
Frosted daintily.

I Would Sing

Mary Gustafson

I would sing of the wind in the redwood;
A squirrel that scampers its limbs;
Thrushes that carol a melody
Of praises and psalms and hymns.

I would sing of the rippled river,
And the ferns that line its way
As it goes from a spring beginning
Down to the width of bay.

I would sing of the trail I travel,
Dusty and soft to the feet,
Of the bluffs where the eagles gather
Away from the dust or heat.

I would sing of the stars that welcome
The traveler to balsam bed,
And a cover that scents of the forest
As the night drifts overhead.

"Aunt Emma Webb" Makes Six Quilts in One Year

"Aunt Emma Webb" of Parowan, Utah, is eighty-nine years old, but her age does not prevent her from being busy and happy. During one year she made the six beautiful quilts shown in the photograph. The dress in the left-hand corner was made entirely by hand and won first prize at the Iron County Fair. Mrs. Webb also crochets, makes rugs, blouses, aprons, and many other beautifully designed and carefully constructed articles.

She does all her own housework, laundry, and shopping, and is a gracious hostess who always has homemade cookies, cake, or pie on hand to serve to her many friends when they call on her. She is still an active member of the Parowan Third Ward Relief Society, and takes great interest in Church and community affairs. Two of Mrs. Webb's six children are still living. She has been a widow for many years, but she has adjusted so well to sorrow and disappointment, and has kept herself so busy and so cheerful, that she is known among the people of her community as an outstanding example of "growing old gracefully."

Rainmaker

Pansye H. Powell

I know a way
To make it rain:
Go out and wash
A windowpane!

New Values in the Family Hour

Fay Knight Jones

EVEN though we live in this day of opportunity, I sometimes wonder if we are as happy as our parents and grandparents were in their life of simplicity. They taught their children to sing, dance, and recite and to play home games, to be kind, modest, and to avail themselves of every opportunity.

Let us not rely too much on our schools, Church, and our city for the guidance of our children.

Let us follow the advice of our Church leaders and continue Family Hours. We usually begin our Family Hour with our evening meal served in a party atmosphere—sometimes before the fireplace.

The children are delighted and feel like it is something special for them. After our dinner we usually gather around the piano and sing some of our favorite songs from our Latter-day Saint hymns and other children's songs. Then one of the family reads us a story from a Bible storybook or a good moral story. Other nights we enjoy playing a game or two that all can enjoy. We have a family hobby of photography, and some family nights are filled with seeing some of our own movies and slides of pictures we have taken on vacation trips and of our relatives.

In the summer, when the evening are long, we plan our family night in the canyon with a picnic together. If a good moving picture is playing at one of the theaters we sometimes enjoy seeing one together.

On this special night, we also discuss the little family problems which have come up in our home during the week. We all have a chance to express ourselves and give suggestions for improvements we might make. We have time in this evening to iron out many little difficulties.

We close our family night with our regular family prayer in which all members participate in turn.

We all feel greatly benefited by our Family Hour.

Indian Summer

Marian Schroder Crothers

There was no wind.
The trees that lined the lane
Stood silent,
Long since blown bare
By crisp October winds.
Yet on their dying vines, a few grapes clung;
Chrysanthemums, defiantly, in reckless beauty glowed.
Hushed, the whole earth lay quiescent,
Softly enfolded in amethystine haze,
Token of Indian summer.

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

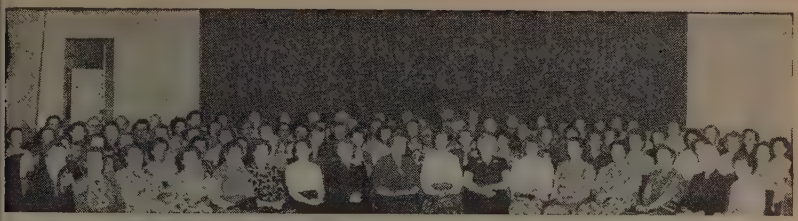
RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Hattie B. Maughan

NEW ENGLAND MISSION, ST. JOHN BRANCH (NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAY QUILT

Left to right Lena Cosman, Secretary Treasurer; Ardella B. Ford, President; Mary Gardiner; Muriel McGeouch; Helen Hubbard; Jessie Frye.

Hattie B. Maughan, President, New England Mission Relief Society, reports that the St. John Branch is small, but active and energetic. "They are earnestly engaged in conducting food sales, bazaars, and rummage sales to raise money. This group is typical of our small Relief Societies, and duplicate reports could be sent from many areas of the mission."



Photograph submitted by Belva Petersen

MOUNT OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT "HYMN FESTIVAL" AT CLOSING SOCIAL, May 28, 1952

Front row, left to right: Mathel Ridges, chorister; Louise Knight, organist; Karma Paulsen; Hazel Kartchner; Wynona Vogel; Delpha Brown; Fern Clark; Marybelle Stevenson; Elizabeth Gabler; Margaret Zitsman, narrator; Melba Corky; Grace Williams; Laurel Dixon; Lyda Noorda; Lena Hone; Leona Huggins; Effie Stevenson.

This chorus consisted of 130 voices, with eight wards being represented under the direction of their choristers and organists. Singers were grouped in a semicircle, four rows deep, in the center of which was a beautifully decorated table, carrying out the musical theme and the traditional colors of Relief Society—blue and gold—in a blue cloth with gold musical notes and scales attached, and figurines holding musical instruments. Refreshments were served. Belva Petersen, President, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society, expressing the spirit of the lovely occasion, reports: "We felt, by the participation of so many members, and the deep spiritual message of the hymns, that it was an afternoon of outstanding achievement and harmony of spirit—a fitting climax to a busy season."

Photograph submitted by Edith Y. Harris

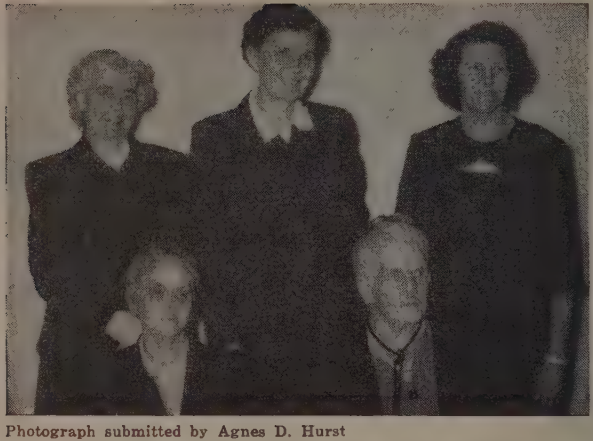
CHICAGO STAKE (ILLINOIS), LOGAN SQUARE WARD BANQUET HONORING ELDERLY MEMBERS, June 3, 1952

Front row, left to right: Frida Jausch; Elizabeth Wilms; Pauline Waldvogel; Caroline Anschow; Mathilda Daum; Gwennie Matheson.

Back row, left to right: Carrie Jensen; Theresia Anderson; Margaret Kerr; Anna Shallbetter; Marie Bishoff.

Hilda Oniunes, President, Logan Square Ward Relief Society, reports that this banquet was given in special honor of the older sisters who have contributed many years of faithful service, as an expression of love and appreciation for their devotion.

Edith Y. Harris is president of Chicago Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Agnes D. Hurst

SAN JUAN STAKE (UTAH) FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Hattie R. Barton (1929-1940); Lucinda Redd (1919-1929).

Back row standing, left to right: Ruth H. Redd (1943-48); Margie H. Lyman, present President, appointed February 22, 1948; Charity L. Rowley (1940-1943).

The first president of San Juan Stake Relief Society was Mary N. Jones. She had served as president of Young Stake Relief Society from 1903 to 1912, and in that year the stake was divided and Sister Jones became president of San Juan Stake Relief Society, serving until May 18, 1919.

Photograph shbmitted by Geneva Garfield

FARR WEST STAKE (UTAH), FARR WEST WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR 1950-51

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Coy; Anna Westergard; Annie Wayment; Zenia Chugg; Jane E. Taylor, visiting teacher message leader; Elizabeth Garlick; Rebecca McEntire; Laura Brown; Eva Brown; Emma Fisher; Mamie Taylor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ada Higley; Mary Brown; Verna Painter; Clara Schoonmaker; Wanda Thompson; Larene M. Brown, President Farr West Ward

Relief Society; Viva Jensen, First Counselor; E. May Chugg, Secretary-Treasurer; Elida Taylor; Lillian Dickamore; Sarah Baker; Zola Davis; Nelda Taylor; Marie Taylor; Rachel Bramwell, stake board member; Allegra Barnes; Gladys F. Taylor; Velma Debb.

Other visiting teachers not appearing in the photograph are: Viola Blair, Grace Hunter, and Beverly Markos.

Sister Zenia Chugg has given forty years of service as a visiting teacher, and is still serving at eighty-six years of age. Elizabeth Garlick, sister of Zenia Chugg, has given fifty years of service and is seventy-eight years old, but now released.

Geneva Garfield is president of Farr West Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Luella W. Cannon

WEST GERMAN MISSION, NURNBERG DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS EXHIBIT HANDWORK AT CONFERENCE

Luella W. Cannon, President, West German Mission Relief Society, stands ninth from the left, and Luise Kleinlein, President, Nurnberg District Relief Society, stands at Sister Cannon's left.

Sister Kleinlein, in writing to Sister Cannon, comments on the lovely spirit present at the Relief Society Conference: "In the name of all the sisters of the Nurnberg District, we wish to thank you once more very heartily for the great pains you have taken in connection with our conference, and for the lovely exhibition of handmade things. There was a lovely spirit among us. I know for certain that it also gave you much joy. May we continue to co-operate in love so that we may be successful in our mutual endeavors."

Sister Cannon reports that exhibits of handwork from several districts were taken to the various conferences: "During the round of conferences I have taken with me an exhibit of the handwork contributed by the various branches of the mission, which has been a stimulus to the people. In addition to this exhibit, a number of districts have brought displays of their own, some of which were really outstanding."

Photograph submitted by Josephine Jenkins

FLORIDA STAKE, JACKSONVILLE SECOND WARD SOCIAL FEATURES INSPIRATIONAL PROGRAM, April 29, 1952

Seated at the table, left to right: Frankie Copeland, Second Counselor; Thelma Dickie, President; Gladys Kelly, First Counselor; Lutiska George, work meeting leader; Minnie Dills, First Counselor, Florida Stake Relief Society.

On the fifth Tuesday in April an inspirational program was given, and a covered-dish luncheon followed. Forty aprons, made in preparation for Mother's Day, were displayed.

Josephine Jenkins is president of Florida Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jane T. Richards

BRITISH MISSION, LIVERPOOL DISTRICT PRESENTS PAGEANT "THE ORGANIZATION AND WORK OF RELIEF SOCIETY," April 26, 1952

This beautifully staged and inspirational pageant was written by Elsie Scott of the Preston Branch, staged by Bessie Corless, also of Preston, and directed by Ida Taylor, Relief Society Supervisor of the Liverpool District. The first scene portrayed the organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842; the second scene represented the expulsion from Nauvoo. In the third scene, the work of the

visiting teachers was given, followed by a portrayal of the educational program of Relief Society. The last scene pictured welfare work, with the sisters grouped around a sewing machine. "The grand finale," reports Sister Corless, "was when all the participants in the pageant (fifty-two) assembled on the stage and sang 'Oh, Blest Was the Day When the Prophet and Seer . . . .' The pageant was thoroughly enjoyed by every one of the 170 persons present."

Jane T. Richards has recently been released from presiding over the Relief Societies of the British Mission, and Elizabeth B. Reiser is the newly appointed president.

Photograph submitted by Gladys R. Winter

SAN FRANCISCO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD DISPLAYS PIONEER ENCAMPMENT TABLE AT SOCIAL
May 22, 1952

At left, seated: Florence M. Costa, Secretary; at right, seated: Roxey W. Kanzler, in charge of the stake canning project; Orel Elder, director of the trouser project.

Standing, left to right: Ann R. Barton; Josephine T. Danford; Gladys R. Winter, President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society; Jacketta M. Quealy, who designed and furnished all the articles for the table; Jessie B. Martin, Education Counselor; Leeta N. Squire; Mary W. Tolley; Deane K. White; Laura R. Pugmire; Edna N. Somers, Work Director Counselor.

The Stake Relief Society board entertained the women of the stake at this unique and most enjoyable social in recognition of the splendid work done in completing 784 pairs of trousers, for the welfare assignment in less than four months. The program and reception were climaxed by the beautifully detailed and historic representation of a pioneer encampment. All the figures and wagons were made by hand. Sagebrush was sent from Wyoming, and branches, to represent trees, were brought from over two hundred miles.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 12—Lehi's Later Exhortations

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, Chapters 1-4, 12)

For Tuesday, January 6, 1953

Objective: To realize the great concern of Lehi for his people and the necessity of obeying the commandments of prophets.

IN the declining years of his life, Lehi showed much concern for his people. He worried about the wickedness of part of the members of the colony, which had been established in the land of promise. He warned them of dark days ahead, except they repented. He repeated to them what the Lord had said: "Inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments ye shall prosper in the land; but inasmuch as ye will not keep my commandments ye shall be cut off from my presence" (2 Nephi 1:20).

This land, he told his colony, had been promised to him and his seed forever and "There shall none come into this land save they shall be brought by the hand of the Lord" (2 Nephi 1:6).

Lehi warned, moreover, that if his descendants were wicked, God would bring other nations here to inherit the land, who would take their possessions from them and would smite and scatter them. On the other hand, he pointed out that if those whom the Lord should bring out of the land of Jerusalem would keep his commandments, they should "be kept from all other nations, that they may possess this land unto themselves" (2 Nephi 1:9).

In accordance with this promise, we know that the Lord veiled the land from the time that Zedekiah was carried away captive into Babylon and the Mulekites came to the promised land, until Columbus discovered America. During this time the Lord developed in Europe a freedom-loving people, and Colmbus and others were directed to this land. They scattered the remnants of Lehi's seed and took most of their best land from them. Later, the great Constitution of the United States was established under divine guidance which guaranteed religious liberty. Then the Lord restored his gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in accordance with ancient promises it was carried to the remnant of Lehi's descendants.

To return to Lehi's exhortations, he further told his children that God had been merciful to them by directing them out of Jerusalem. He told them that in vision he had seen that Jerusalem had been destroyed.

He cautioned the querulous and disobedient members of his family not to rebel against Nephi, and delivered a very convincing and moving defense of Nephi, saying, "He hath not sought for power nor authority over you, but he hath sought the glory of God, and your own eternal welfare" (2 Nephi 1:25). He promised them if they would listen to the voice of Nephi they would not perish (2 Nephi 1:28).

After Lehi had finished speaking to his sons, especially Laman and Lemuel, he singled out other individuals and groups for the purpose of blessing and instructing them. He promised Zoram, the servant of Laban, who had accompanied them to the land of promise, that because he was a true friend to Nephi, and faithful, his seed should be blessed upon the land of promise with Nephi's seed, provided they kept the commandments of the Lord (2 Nephi 1:30-32).

Turning then to Jacob, the first son who had been born amidst much tribulation and hardship in the wilderness, he blessed, comforted, and instructed him. He told Jacob, that God "shall consecrate thine afflictions for thy gain" (2 Nephi 2:2), thus giving us a fundamental concept of Mormonism.

Shakespeare recognized the principle when, in his play, *As You Like It*, he had Duke Senior say:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head . . . .

Out of the furnace of affliction we may emerge refined as pure as gold. Hardships are a good means of discipline. (See D. & C., section 122:7.)

He instructed Jacob that "redemption cometh in and through the Holy Messiah," who would offer himself as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind, and would atone for the sins of all those who would repent. Modern revelation states:

> For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent; But if they would not repent they must suffer even as I; Which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit—and would that I might not drink the bitter cup, and shrink—Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men (D. & C. 19:16-19).

Lehi explained to Jacob that: "it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Nephi 2:11), righteousness and wickedness, holiness and misery, good and bad, so that man might have freedom of choice, free agency, under which plan there could be true growth and development.

> And thou hast beheld in thy youth his [the Lord's] glory; wherefore, thou art blessed even as they unto whom he shall minister in the flesh; for the Spirit is the same, yesterday, today, and forever. And the way is prepared from the fall of man, and salvation is free.
>
> And men are instructed sufficiently that they know good from evil. And the law is given unto men. And by the law

no flesh is justified; or, by the law men are cut off. Yea, by the temporal law they were cut off; and also, by the spiritual law they perish from that which is good, and become miserable forever.

Wherefore, redemption cometh in and through the Holy Messiah; for he is full of grace and truth.

Behold he offereth himself a sacrifice for sin, to answer the ends of the law, unto all those who have a broken heart and a contrite spirit; and unto none else can the ends of the law be answered.

Wherefore, how great the importance to make these things known unto the inhabitants of the earth, that they may know that there is no flesh that can dwell in the presence of God, save it be through the merits, and mercy, and grace of the Holy Messiah, who layeth down his life according to the flesh, and taketh it again by the power of the Spirit, that he may bring to pass the resurrection of the dead, being the first that should rise.

Wherefore, he is the firstfruits unto God, inasmuch as he shall make intercession for all the children of men; and they that believe in him shall be saved.

And because of the intercession for all, all men come unto God; wherefore, they stand in the presence of him, to be judged of him according to the truth and holiness which is in him. Wherefore, the ends of the law which the Holy One hath given, unto the inflicting of the punishment which is affixed, which punishment that is affixed is in opposition to that of the happiness which is affixed, to answer the ends of the atonement.

For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, my first-born in the wilderness, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one; wherefore, if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead, having no life neither death, nor corruption nor incorruption, happiness nor misery, neither sense nor insensibility.

Wherefore, it must needs have been created for a thing of naught; wherefore there would have been no purpose in the end of its creation. Wherefore, this thing must needs destroy the wisdom of God and his eternal purposes, and also the power, and the mercy, and the justice of God.

And if ye shall say there is no law, ye shall also say there is no sin. If ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. And if there be no righteousness there be no happiness. And if there be no righteousness nor happiness there be no punishment nor misery. And if these things are not there is no God. And if there is no God we are not, neither the earth; for there could have been no creation of things, neither to act nor to be acted upon; wherefore, all things must have vanished away.

And now, my sons, I speak unto you these things for your profit and learning; for there is a God, and he hath created all things, both the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are, both things to act and things to be acted upon.

And to bring about his eternal purposes in the end of man, after he had created our first parents, and the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and in fine, all things which are created, it must needs be that there was an opposition; even the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life; the one being sweet and the other bitter.

Wherefore, the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself. Wherefore, man could not act for himself save it should be that he was enticed by the one or the other (2 Nephi 2:4-16).

God established the plan of free agency and gave it to Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. They were free to partake or to refrain from eating the fruit of the forbidden tree. Eve was deceived, but Adam knowingly partook of the fruit, realizing that Eve would be

driven from the garden, and consequently they would be able to multiply and replenish the earth. As Lehi presented the problem, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25).

According to Lehi's instructions to Jacob:

> . . . they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself (2 Nephi 2:27).

Choosing liberty and eternal life, men would achieve the full purpose of existence, which is joy (2 Nephi 2:25).

After concluding his remarks to Jacob, Lehi turned to Joseph, who was also born in the wilderness, and encouraged, instructed, and blessed him. To Joseph, Lehi explained that he was a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and that God had made great covenants with Joseph in Egypt and with his seed. From his seed was to come a righteous branch of the house of Israel, not the Messiah, but another branch. But Lehi pointed out that this Messiah, Jesus Christ, would visit his posterity.

From the descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, the Lord, so Lehi taught his son, would raise up a choice seer, whose name would be Joseph and whose father's name would be Joseph, referring, of course to Joseph Smith, Junior, the prophet, and his father, Joseph Senior.

> And unto him will I give commandment that he shall do a work for the fruit of thy loins, his brethren, which shall be of great worth unto them, even to the bringing of them to the knowledge of the covenants which I have made with thy fathers (2 Nephi 3:7).

Lehi quoted Joseph in Egypt as saying:

> . . . the fruit of thy loins shall write; and the fruit of the loins of Judah shall write; and that which shall be written by the fruit of thy loins, and also that which shall be written by the fruit of the loins of Judah [referring to The Book of Mormon and the Bible] shall grow together, unto the confounding of false doctrines and laying down of contentions, and establishing peace among the fruit of thy loins, and bringing them to the knowledge of their fathers in the latter days, and also to the knowledge of my covenants, saith the Lord (2 Nephi 3:12).

Lehi promised his son Joseph that his seed should not be destroyed because they would hearken to the words of the book (2 Nephi 3:23).

Nephi tells us of the greatness of the prophecies which Joseph of Egypt had made concerning them and their future generations which were written upon the plates of brass (2 Nephi 4:1-2) about which Lehi spoke to the sons and daughters of Laman and Lemuel. Lehi told them that if they were brought up in the way they should go, they would not depart from it. Therefore, he told them that if they were cursed he would leave his blessing upon them that the cursing might be taken from them and answered upon the heads of their parents. He promised that God would be merciful to their seed forever and forever because of his blessing. Referring to the Lamanites of the last days, he said that in the end they should be blessed (2 Nephi 4:6-9).

We are not informed as to what Lehi said to the sons of Ishmael. To Sam, however, he gave the promise that his seed should inherit the land like unto Nephi's, that his seed should be numbered with the seed of Nephi, and that Sam should be blessed in all his days.

After this great patriarch of The Book of Mormon had blessed and instructed his household "according to the feelings of his heart and the Spirit of the Lord which was in him, he waxed old. And it came to pass that he died, and was buried" (2 Nephi 4:12).

Questions and Problems

1. Why is the doctrine of free agency superior as a means of developing character to the doctrine of predestination?
2. Why did the Lord create a world in which we have opposites, good and evil, love and hate, etc?
3. What is meant by the statement, "Men are that they might have joy"?
4. What promises were given to the seed of Joseph in Egypt?
5. How, through his instructions, did Lehi show concern for his people?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 12—"Wo Be Unto Him That Is at Ease in Zion!" (2 Nephi 28:24).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 6, 1953

Objective: To point out the need for being always on guard against the wiles of Satan.

IF there were any place in the world one would naturally suppose he could be at ease, that place would be in Zion. However, constant vigilance is necessary always, even in Zion, for evil is not banished from the earth. The words of the song by Eliza R. Snow aptly express this thought:

THINK NOT, WHEN YOU GATHER TO ZION

Think not when you gather to Zion,
Your troubles and trials are through
That nothing but comfort and pleasure
Are waiting in Zion for you:
No, no, 'tis designed as a furnace,
All substance, all textures to try,
To burn all the "wood, hay, and stubble,"
The gold from the dross purify . . . .

Think not when you gather to Zion,
The prize and the victory won,
Think not that the warfare is ended,
The work of salvation is done.
No, no; for the dread prince of darkness
A tenfold exertion will make,
When he sees you go to the fountain,
Where freely the truth you may take.

(*Hymns*, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1950 edition, page 21).

When we are complacent, satisfied with ourselves, that is the time we are most vulnerable to the enticings of Satan. When we are at ease Satan may lull us away "into carnal security," causing us to mistakenly believe all is well. This false sense of security is extremely dangerous. So long as there is any iniquity in Zion, all is not well, and we must not be at ease.

We should take nothing for granted. As parents, we should not take the security and well-being of

our children for granted. To be confident that our children can do no wrong, is to court trouble, for as long as any of us shall live, there are temptations to which we might succumb. Only he that endureth to the end is secure. Our General Authorities are ever counseling parents to know at all times where and with whom their children are.

Certainly we should not take the gospel for granted. The gospel is like a precious but tender plant which must be nurtured and cared for constantly, in order that it may grow and continue to flourish. A knowledge of the gospel does not carry over from one generation to another. Each individual must study and know it for himself.

We cannot rest on the good deeds and characters of honored ancestors. No matter how gloriously our forebears have lived and died, no matter how valiant they have been in the testimony of Jesus, they cannot add to our spiritual stature. John the Baptist, in speaking to the multitude, said:

> Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham (Luke 3:8).

We cannot rest on the laurels of past years of service. Occasionally we hear someone say, "I think I have done my share. All these years I have labored. Now I deserve a rest." As well might we say, "I have eaten all these years, I think that should suffice." Our spirits are in need of constant nourishment just as much as our bodies.

Let us not be deceived nor blinded by the craftiness of men, nor by flattery, nor by false doctrine circulated in our midst. Let us ever be on the watchtower, as it were, on guard against any encroachment of the evil one.

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Providing Order and Convenience in the Kitchen

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, January 13, 1953

ORDERLY homes do not just happen. They are the result of careful planning, the cultivation of orderly habits, and the desire by all family members to be orderly.

Planning the Kitchen

Ideally, houses are adapted to the needs of the family. Too often the family must adapt itself to the house. It is much easier to be orderly when each part of the house is planned for the particular work or activity that is to be carried on there. Much storage space is often wasted because the space is not efficiently planned. Space, particularly in the kitchen, is valuable,

not as so many inches or feet, but how well it is adapted to the articles that are to be placed in it.

Homemakers would do well to make a blueprint of their daily and weekly activities before making any change in their homes, especially their kitchens. With each activity, such as food preparation, cooking, and cleaning, make a list of all the supplies you will need. This information will provide facts on: how much storage space is needed; how deep and how far apart shelves should be; and what special subdivisions of space are needed.

The arrangement of large equipment plays an important part in the degree of order that exists in the kitchen. Homemakers make more trips between the sink and stove than between any other pieces of equipment. The three most important pieces of equipment, the refrigerator, the stove, and the sink should be arranged in close proximity, with adequate working space separating them. We really have three centers of work: the food preparation and mixing center, including the refrigerator; the cooking and serving center, including the range; and the sink work center. Utensils, supplies, and dishes should be stored as near as possible to their point of first use in each center. This would make it necessary to have duplicates of a few items, such as knives, measuring cups, and spoons.

Have a Place for Everything

All of us are not fortunate enough to have our kitchens especially planned for us. This need not license us to be disorderly, however. Rather we should let this be a challenge to see how convenient and orderly we can make them. Doing so can be lots of fun. A small planning desk, conveniently located, makes it possible for the homemaker to do her record keeping and planning while meals are cooking.

We must know where we are going to place every single item. To have a place for everything and to keep everything in its place cuts housework. It should become automatic to take out from their storage spaces, different ingredients, mixing bowls, pots, and pans, and later put them back where they belong.

To test the efficiency of the present arrangement of things in your kitchen, make note of all the "side" trips you take the next time you prepare a meal, or even a single dish for a meal. See how many of these you can eliminate by reorganizing things. By rearranging the equipment and supplies in her kitchen, an Iowa homemaker reduced the distance she walked, in doing her kitchen work, from five miles each day, or 1,825 miles a year, to two and a half miles a day, or half the distance. She also did the work in one hour less time each morning.

After you have assembled everything according to "first use" you will likely find that you have only half enough space in your cupboards. Do not become discouraged, for many kitchen cupboards can be made to hold twice as much as they now hold.

Shelves often are placed too far apart for efficient use of all the space. Many are so deep that, if

we used all the space, we would have to place things three or four rows deep. What chance would a homemaker have to keep her cupboards orderly with such an arrangement? Remedies for such conditions are numerous, inexpensive and fun to make, if you enjoy using a saw, hammer, sandpaper, and surface finishes. If you do not enjoy making over the shelves and cupboards yourself, they can be purchased in just the kind and size to suit your needs.

Partial, or narrow shelves, placed between the main ones, provide space for medium and small items. Door racks also help to utilize space that otherwise is wasted. They may be made or purchased to hold a wide variety of things, such as spices, extracts, lids, soaps, scouring powders, and glasses. Hooks screwed into the inside of the door will hold measuring cups, spoons, and other small articles. It is a great convenience to have a utility closet in or near the kitchen, with space for storing the carpet sweeper, brooms, vacuum, and cleaning equipment. Hooks can be used on the inside of the door for hanging brushes and dusters.

The purpose of fitting cupboards with these conveniences is not only so there will be a place for everything where it is used first, but also to eliminate the stacking of things. Only dishes of the same size and kind should be stacked together. Nothing should be more than one row deep, except where there are two or more packages of the same thing. When this is done, everything is clearly visible and easily accessible. Cupboards arranged in this way are no problem to keep orderly and clean. They are also most convenient to use.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What are some of the "fruits" of orderly homes? Of disorderly homes?
2. Abraham Lincoln once said, "A person can be about as happy as he makes up his mind to be." Cannot the same thing be said about being orderly?
3. Have class members tell of conveniences for order they have discovered.

Lesson Reference Material

"Kitchen Cupboards That Simplify Storage," Cornell Extension Bulletin No. 703, Mailing Dept., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., 5c each.

"Kitchen Cupboard Conveniences for Order and Ease in Working," Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service Fact Sheet. Utah residents contact local county Extension offices. Nonresidents send to Utah State Agricultural College, Extension Service, Logan, Utah, 5c per copy.

Intervenings

Susan T. Jennings

There seems within fall's stillness,
An intervening quietude,
Like twilight's mellowed memories
In soft accented interlude.
In intervenings, one can see
The beauty in man's destiny.

Autumn Leaves

Margaret B. Shomaker

The tree spreads, one by one,
Its rich array of falling leaves
Over the faded grass of autumn,
Yellow and gold;
A gypsy's shawl.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 28—George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 200-248).

For Tuesday, January 20, 1953

Objective: By detailing the principles of romanticism which he immortalized in his life and writings, to come more fully to know Lord Byron.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

(*Childe Harold*, IV, 1603, text, pp. 222-223.)

A Perry Picture

LORD BYRON
1788-1824

The Romantic Byron

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century and up to the present generation, thousands of school children have been swayed by Byron's personality as they memorized these lines. Particularly the first line has been found useful, since it presents not only the magnificence of nature, but the grandiloquence of the romantic period as molded in the very essence of romanticism; Lord Byron, bad, and cynical—yes, but handsome, passionate, courageous, and free—with the dashing pertness and charm which to his death characterized both his poetry and his life.

The above quotation also reveals the pose of disillusionment, melancholy, even morbidity, which loomed so large in the romantic tradition and in Byron. Yet, life being somewhat less than perfect, it was inevitable that, after the pure political and social idealism of the young Coleridge and Wordsworth, all the romantics save Shelley should bury their shining hopes either in conservatism or disillusionment. After examining the events of Byron's life, this vein of melan-

choly and satire which runs throughout his poems is more understandable, particularly in view of the integrity which always drove Byron to write with utter frankness both of himself and of his world.

Since his most famous poetic works, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan,* are but extended self-portraits, a knowledge of his life is imperative; indeed, in few other instances have poet and person been so completely fused into one wholeness.

Early Life

The only child of an erratic, capricious mother and a handsome, profligate father who very early deserted his family, Byron's early environment was deplorable. A congenital lameness, painfully and ineffectively treated, rankled in his morbidly proud soul. Naturally affectionate, Byron was exposed alternately to his mother's sentimental gushings and harsh condemnation. For such a mother he felt some contempt, although he grieved sincerely at her death.

At school his dazzzling antics brought him attention, notoriety, and friends. He took wrestling lessons from a professional, and, despite his leg, he was noted for his athletic prowess. It is asserted that he brought a chained bear to a college lecture. And he wrote poetry, which he justified as not being beneath his noble status, since his lameness prevented him from becoming the man of action he always wanted to be. When reviewers attacked his work, he replied with such savage satire in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" that for the rest of his life they wrote favorably of his works. He also spoke out his contempt for the literary lions of the day: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Scott.

Early Fame and Marriage

After a two years' tour of the exotic, little-known regions about the Mediterranean, a tour on which he rode horseback five hundred miles through Spain and swam the Helleespont from Greece to Turkey, he wrote the first canto of *Childe Harold,* and at age twenty-four awoke one morning to find himself famous. He was the lion of British letters, the rage of London society, and for fifty years the most famous name in England and on the continent. Women idolized his handsome profile, his cutting wit, and his disdain for government and social conventions. He had many amorous intrigues, but finally married Anne Milbank, a shallow heiress. Almost at once they quarreled violently, he calling her stupid, she seeing him sarcastic, of violent temper, and of incorrigible morals. Soon after their daughter Ada was born she refused to live with him, and Byron, feeling unjustifiably deserted by a superficial wife, left England in self-exile, never to return to an English society which had already treated him like an outcast.

Self-Exile

He joined the Shelleys in Switzerland. There he fell in love with a married woman, Countess Guiccioli. Later, fired with accumulated revolutionary fervor, he sold all his goods to purchase military equipment, and sailed for Greece to become the man of action and fight for her independence against the

Turks. He died ignobly of a fever, but, in true Byronic surroundings, during a night of tumultuous thunder claps and lashing storm. His heart was buried in Greece, however, his body was returned to Hucknall, England, his natal town, not Westminster Abbey, for burial.

Byron's Character

It would be as unfair to Byron to point out only his bad qualities as it would be to the reader to point out only his better ones. Most shoddy was his treatment of the women he knew, including those of his own kin, even as he had been shoddily treated by them. He was proud, scornful, sarcastic, a rebel, and a cynic. With Napoleon as his most recent example, Byron believed all government was selfish and untrustworthy, that English society was corrupt, while her literature and culture were artificial and dull. But he also possessed virtues: he could be affectionate and kind; he was sincere and honest in all that he wrote and did, admitting his weaknesses as well as his virtues. Above all he hated hypocrisy, and he was tireless in exposing the difference between truth and pretense, whether in contemporary society, politics, poetry, or religion.

Byron's Poetic Qualities

In his poetry as in his personal actions, Byron was driven by his own fire and vigor. Goethe described him as "a fiery mass of living valor hurling itself on life." One large reason for his great literary success was that he caught this spark within his lines of poetry. Amazingly productive throughout his short life, Byron wrote with a style which is racy and flowing, now melancholic, now satirical, now ecstatic with passion for liberty or beauty, but never dull. Sometimes it is more clever than poetic; rarely is it deep or profound; but within his lines is the dash and flavor of youth, which captures the imagination with its ease and bite and, when he wills, its beauty.

The great weakness of his style arose from the very ease with which he wrote and felt. Because his phrases came so easily he wrote too much, and at his worst colored his emotion with melodrama and rhetoric.

His oriental tales, with the idealized Byron as "Byronic hero"—proud, yet secretly kind, and modest toward gentle women; rebellious against restraint and disillusioned with society; handsome, dashing, pleasure-loving, yet concealing an inner melancholy—these tales are now little read. Yet many of the ingredients of the Byronic hero dominate his best known works, which reveal him not only as a romanticist, but as a revolutionist and satirist as well. It should not prove surprising that Byron's favorite author was Pope, who alone surpasses Byron as an English satirist.

The Satirist

In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" the twenty-year old poet proved his early maturity and lasting excellence in satire. While his telling blows at the country's most powerful critics cowed them into praising him throughout his life, his appraisal of the current "scribbling crew" interests us more. Scott's "half-strung harps whine mournful

to the blast;" the "ballad monger Southey" is advised to

. . . cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare.

Next he attacks Wordsworth, "the dull disciple of thy school," and finally Coleridge, who loves "turgid ode and tumid stanza" and is branded as "the laureate of the long-eared kind" (text, pp. 203-205).

The Lyrical Poet

It may well be that Byron's strongest bridge with the future will be his short lyrical poems. Such lines as

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies . . . .
(text, page 205)

are immortal in their simple, pure feeling for the compelling mysteries which surround feminine beauty and love. Here is the inevitable ease and exalted loveliness of true poetry, found also in "Stanzas for Music" (page 207) and in "So We'll Go No More A-Roving" (page 224). This style might well be compared with that of

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
(page 205)

which contain the swollen rhetorical tone familiar to the lovers of the dramatized Byronic pose. Similar ingredients may be detected in "The Destruction of Sennacherib" (page 205), which reveals Byron as the poet of glamorized, melodramatic action, battle conquest, and death in a style more lavish and exciting than Scott cared to compete with.

In Byron's "Sonnet on Chillon" (page 207), the high-singing, clarion tone of the incensed champion of freedom sings out with the same clarity as that of his lyrics, but with an additional power of penetration:

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art:
For there thy habitation is the heart . . . .

In these fourteen lines Byron catches the brilliance of his idealistic fervor as he never does in the almost four hundred lines which compose his poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon" (page 207).

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

Byron is at his sustained best in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* which, despite Byron's direct disavowal, are entirely autobiographical. Canto III of *Childe Harold* (pp. 212-219) begins and ends with a lament for his daughter Ada, whom he has never seen since she was taken from him as a babe. But now neither England nor memory can hurt him, since

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam
to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep . . . .
(l. 16-18)

As his theme, he sings of "The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind" (l. 20).

He tells how he has suffered under the "keen knife of silent, sharp endurance" (l. 41-42), but that he can bear the burdens of life through the joys of creation and the freeing solitudes of nature as opposed to his

life among men where he feels he is a thing

Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipped wing (l. 128-129)

His narration of Waterloo is well done, although he deplores the battle as a "king-making Victory" (l. 153) since it restored the evils of monarchy to power (pp. 214-215). Next he flees from the evils of mankind to Lake Geneva in Switzerland, where he finds peace.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake? (l. 631-632)

In "binding all things with beauty" he identifies himself with nature:

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them? (l. 667-668)

and in passages of continuing beauty he pays passionate homage to the hush of night, the "stars! which are the poetry of heaven!" (l. 784), the sky in peace, and when tumultuous with the "fierce and far delight" (l. 831) of a night storm. But, he concludes, "I have not loved the world, nor the world me" (l. 1009); and asks that he and the world part fair foes, although he is willing to grant that there may still be virtue and hope and goodness in the world (text, pp. 219-223).

In Canto IV he pays passionate tribute to "Rome! my country! city of the soul!"

Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee . . . . (l. 694-695)

and praises Time (l. 1162-1170) that she has beautified and avenged the past so that now, amid the past, Byron feels within himself the dread power which comes from living in the past as incarnated in the grandeur of Rome.

Don Juan

In *Don Juan* (text, pp 225-246) as in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the style has the easy grace and fluency which is Byron's hallmark. Again he begins by insulting the leading poets of the day, both because he doesn't care for their poetry and becase they have all forsaken the courageous revolutionary convictions of their youth. With tongue in cheek and a rougish gleam in his eye, he pokes fun at whatever pleases him: the epic form, the classical authors, the moral-seeking reader and the dull one, contemporary editors, and reviewers.

Canto II (pp. 228-235) begins with the story of young Don Juan, a romantic young Spaniard who pays mocking farewell to home and mother and goes to sea in a ship which is sunk in a storm. The first stanza sets the tone:

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals, never mind the pain . . . . (l. 1-4)

Young Juan feels the pangs of parting (page 230), becomes seasick along with his tutor (page 231) while Byron satirizes those who succumb to seasickness (l. 257-264). After twelve days the ship sinks and the crew take to boats.

Canto III (text, pp. 235-239) reveals Byron's warm admiration for Greece, her past, and her destiny. He contrasts her present weakness with the past. He then laments that the glory of Greece must be entrusted to poets such as Orpheus, who displays feeling, yet who is not to be trusted since poets

> . . . are such liars,
> And take all colors—like the hands of dyers.
>
> (l. 695-696)

Then follows a most serious, intense stanza in which he says that "words are things," and marvels that the written word survives all else. He returns to modern poets to scorn them even more bitterly than usual (page 237). Then, in delightful self-ridicule, he apologizes for having digressed from the story (l. 761-768).

Canto IV (page 239) begins with the famous line

> Whom the gods love die young

and tells of the romantic love between Don Juan and Haidee, daughter of a pirate who rules a deserted island. They are separated by her father, and she dies in sadness. Here, too, Byron censures himself for his excesses (l. 409) of rhetoric and irony, and the story continues in the pure romantic tradition.

Satirist and cynic, playboy and poet, idolized and idealist, Lord Byron contained within himself many faults and virtues. He also possessed the pure fire of romanticism so that, to his own age and to the century following, he has been accepted as perhaps the central figure of at least one phase of the romantic spirit.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Discuss the effect of Byron's life upon his poetry.
2. What are the strong points of Byron's character?
3. If Byron was a cynic, why did he finally give his life for Greek independence?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 17—Church Attitude on Government and Law

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapter 30, page 374; chapter 32; chapter 29).

For Tuesday, January 27, 1953

Objective: To exemplify the Church teaching that its members should be loyal to the government and laws under which they live, and "be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign."

Respect for Authority

The Latter-day Saints have always been taught to respect authority. This doctrine has come down from ancient times as a requirement of the Lord's people. Peter impressed this duty upon the primitive saints, and it forms the substance of the

twelfth article of faith given to the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith. This applies to the members of the Church in every land, whether it is one of popular government or otherwise.

It is a fact, however, that people who have a hand in governing themselves are bound to have a greater love for established authority than are those subject to despotic or dictatorial government. In the one case they feel that they are to some degree responsible for the government, having had a hand in the choosing of those who make and enforce the laws. On the other hand, in dictatorial governments, the people are relieved from all responsibility and cannot be expected to have the interest they otherwise would, in the functions of government.

"Be Subject to the Powers That Be"

In a revelation given to the Church, August 1, 1831, the Lord said: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet." It has been the doctrine and practice of the covenant people of God in all ages to be subject to the worldly "powers that be," and to sustain and uphold them in all just and proper government.

When the Jews came to Jesus, tempting him, and trying to trip him in some manner so that they could find an accusation against him, they said: "What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar, or not?" He answered them, "Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's" (Matt. 23:17-27).

In the dispensation of the meridian of time Peter instructed the saints as follows:

> Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; Or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men (I Peter 2:13-15).

The same commandment is required of us in the dispensation of the fulness of times, as we see from the revelation given to the Church in August 1831 (D. & C. 58:22), quoted above. The Church has accepted as a law unto the Church, binding on all the members, the Articles of Faith. These articles have been included with the standard works of the Church, as a standard in doctrine and practice. The twelfth article reads as follows:

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law."

This requirement applies to the saints in every nation upon the earth as it is at this time constituted. The members of the Church in the British Empire are under the strict injunction to be loyal to that government and its laws. The same

injunction is strictly required of the members of the Church in Germany, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Japan, and wherever they reside upon the face of the earth. Moreover, when members of the Church travel from one nation to another, they must by all means respect the laws and customs of the several nations which they may visit as long as they sojourn within their dominions. This rule is imperative and will be so long as governments of men exist and prevail upon the face of the earth.

A Declaration of Belief

At a conference of the Church held in Kirtland, Ohio, August 17, 1835, the Doctrine and Covenants was presented to the assembled conference for its acceptance or rejection. After the brethren there assembled had carefully and studiously considered the matter, the revelations which had been previously selected by the Prophet Joseph Smith were accepted as the word of the Lord by the unanimous vote of the conference, and were ordered printed. On the occasion of this conference, Joseph Smith the Prophet and his second counselor, Frederick G. Williams, were not present. They were on a brief mission to the saints in Michigan, and because of this were not familiar with all the proceedings of this conference. After the conference had accepted the revelations, an article on marriage, which had been written by Oliver Cowdery, was read by Elder William W. Phelps, and was ordered printed in the book with the revelations.

When this action had been taken, Oliver Cowdery arose and read

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another article, also written by himself, on "Governments and Laws in General." This article the conference also ordered printed in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. Unfortunately, a great many people, because these articles appeared in the Doctrine and Covenants, readily concluded that they had come through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and hence were to be received on a par with the other parts of the book of revelations. Because of this misinformation articles have been published from time to time declaring that these words on Government and Laws have come to us with the force of revelation, having been from the mouth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This article and the one on "Marriage" were not considered as revelations by the conference, but were published as an expression of belief of the members of the Church at that time.

The article on Governments and Laws has appeared in each edition of the Doctrine and Covenants since 1835, and has been accepted as the preamble of the article states, as a declaration of belief of the Latter-day Saints. (See D. & C. section 134.)

God Overrules

It should not be understood that because Oliver Cowdery declared, and the Church has approved, the statement in this article "We believe that governments are instituted of God for the benefit of man," that therefore God has been the author of every government upon the earth. He is the author of government, for government prevails throughout the universe, but some of the despotic governments have been far from governments established or instituted by the hand of God. In the beginning, as previously stated, government was instituted for the benefit of man, but man in his rebellious nature turned from that government given by the Almighty to organizations of his own. It is a fact, however, that the Lord does overrule all nations. Kings and potentates may plot and plan and league together, but the Lord sets the bounds of their habitations and their authority and says, "This far, and no farther, shalt thou go."

The history of nations as it is recorded, reveals clearly and positively the fact that the hand of the Lord has been the ruling hand among all kingdoms. The destinies of nations as well as the destinies of individuals are in his hands. Kings, presidents, despots, and dictators will rule until the Lord declares it is enough, and then their kingdoms and authorities shall cease upon the earth.

Good and Wise Men Should Be Sought

President Brigham Young declared:

> It is alleged and reiterated that we do not love the institutions of our country. I say, and have so said for many years, that the Constitution and laws of the United States combine the best form of government in force upon the earth. But does this follow that each officer of the Government administers with justice? No; for it is well known throughout our nation that very many of our public officers are as degraded, debased, corrupt, and regardless of right as men well can be.
>
> I repeat that the Constitution, laws, and institutions of our Government are as good as can be, with the intelligence

now possessed by the people. But they, as also the laws of other nations, are too often administered in unrighteousness; and we do not and cannot love and respect the acts of the administrators of our laws, unless they act justly in their offices (J. of D. 6:344).

Will the Constitution be destroyed? No; it will be held inviolate by this people, and as Joseph Smith said, "The time will come when the destiny of the nation will hang upon a single thread. At that critical juncture, this people will step forth and save it from the threatened destruction. It will be so (J. of D. 7:15).

Similar truths were taught by President Joseph F. Smith:

I hope with all my soul that the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be loyal in their very hearts and souls to the principles of the Constitution of our country. From them we have derived the liberty that we enjoy. They have been the means of guaranteeing to the foreigner that has come within our gates, and to the native born, and to all the citizens of this country, the freedom and liberty that we possess. We cannot go back upon such principles as these. We may go back upon those who fail to execute the law as they should. We may be dissatisfied with the decision of judges, and may desire to have them removed out of their places. But the law provides ways and means for all these things to be done under the Constitution of our country, and it is better for us to abide the evils that we have than to fly to greater evils that we know not what the results will be. All we have to do if an officer is not executing the duties of his office righteously is to impeach him or wait till his term of office is out, and then shelve him in the lawful way. The people have the power to leave him out and put a better man in his place, and that is strictly in accordance with the commandments of God contained in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. Wherefore honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good and wise men you should observe to uphold, in positions of

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honor and of trust, that they may execute righteousness and prove themselves worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people who elevate them to positions . . . .

Joseph Smith, the prophet, was inspired to affirm and ratify the truth, and he further predicted that the time would come when the Constitution of our country would hang as it were by a thread, and that the Latter-day Saints above all other people in the world would come to the rescue of that great and glorious palladium of our liberty. We cannot brook the thought of its being torn into shreds or destroyed, or trampled under foot and ignored by men. We cannot tolerate the sentiment at one time expressed by a man high in authority in the nation. He said: "The Constitution be damned; the popular sentiment of the people is the constitution." That is the sentiment of anarchism that has spread to a certain extent, and is spreading over the land of liberty and home of the brave. We do not tolerate it. Latter-day Saints cannot tolerate such a spirit as this. It is anarchy. It means destruction. It is the spirit of mobocracy, and the Lord knows we have suffered enough from mobocracy, and we do not want any more if it (Conference Report, October 1912).

The Higher Powers

Paul is quoted in the Bible as having said to the Roman saints: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation" (Romans 13:1-2). The Lord corrected the translation of Romans 13:1-2 through the Prophet Joseph Smith so that it reads:

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power in

the church but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves punishment.

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same (Romans 13:3).

He who is subject to the higher powers, which are the powers of God and his authorized servants, will also obey the laws and be subject to the governments of man. For thus we are commanded until he comes whose right it is to rule.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the attitude of the Church toward observance of the law of the land in which we live?

2. Demonstrate the truth of the following: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."

3. Comment on the wisdom of the Savior's expression: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." What did he mean?

4. Have a member explain the outstanding principles enunciated in the declaration accepted by the Church in conference "On Governments and Laws in General." Are these principles valid and acceptable today?

5. Discuss the world-wide application of the twelfth article of faith.

6. Define the expression: "the powers that be."

7. What is the obligation of all citizens having the right and power to do so, to select good and honest and wise men to administer their laws?

8. In this connection read the words of political wisdom of good King Mosiah in the Book of Mormon (Mosiah 29:10-32).

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The Hunt

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Autumn leaves zigzagged to earth
With tripping rhythm faint and slow;
The blue, gray fawn with great soft eyes
Left the golden woodland with the doe.

The hunters waited tense and long,
Then followed close beside the hill—
A moment and the big deer fell
Tried to rise, and then lay still.

Behind the cliffs the sun moved on;
The lostling in the thickets hid.
A cold wind swept the shadow's length
Where sylvan wild life frequented.

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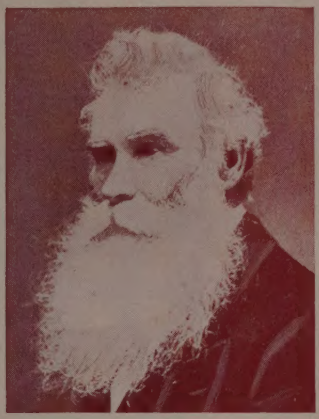

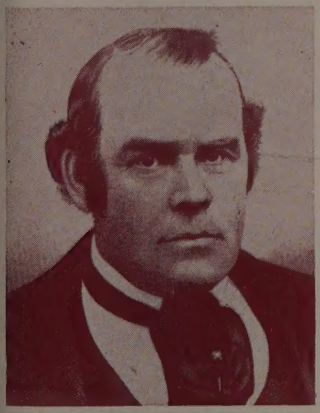

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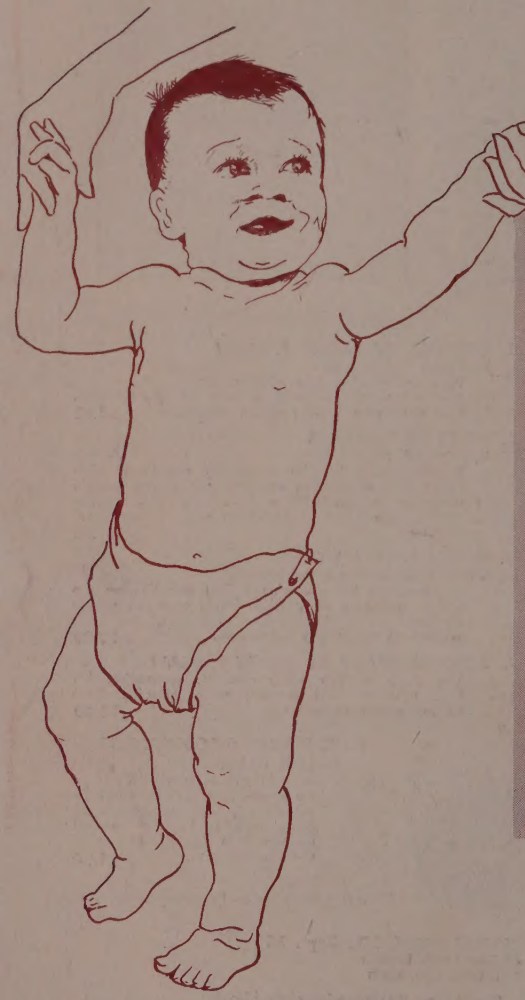

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